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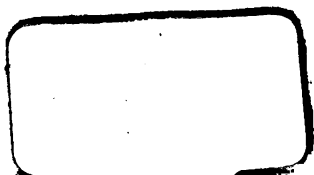
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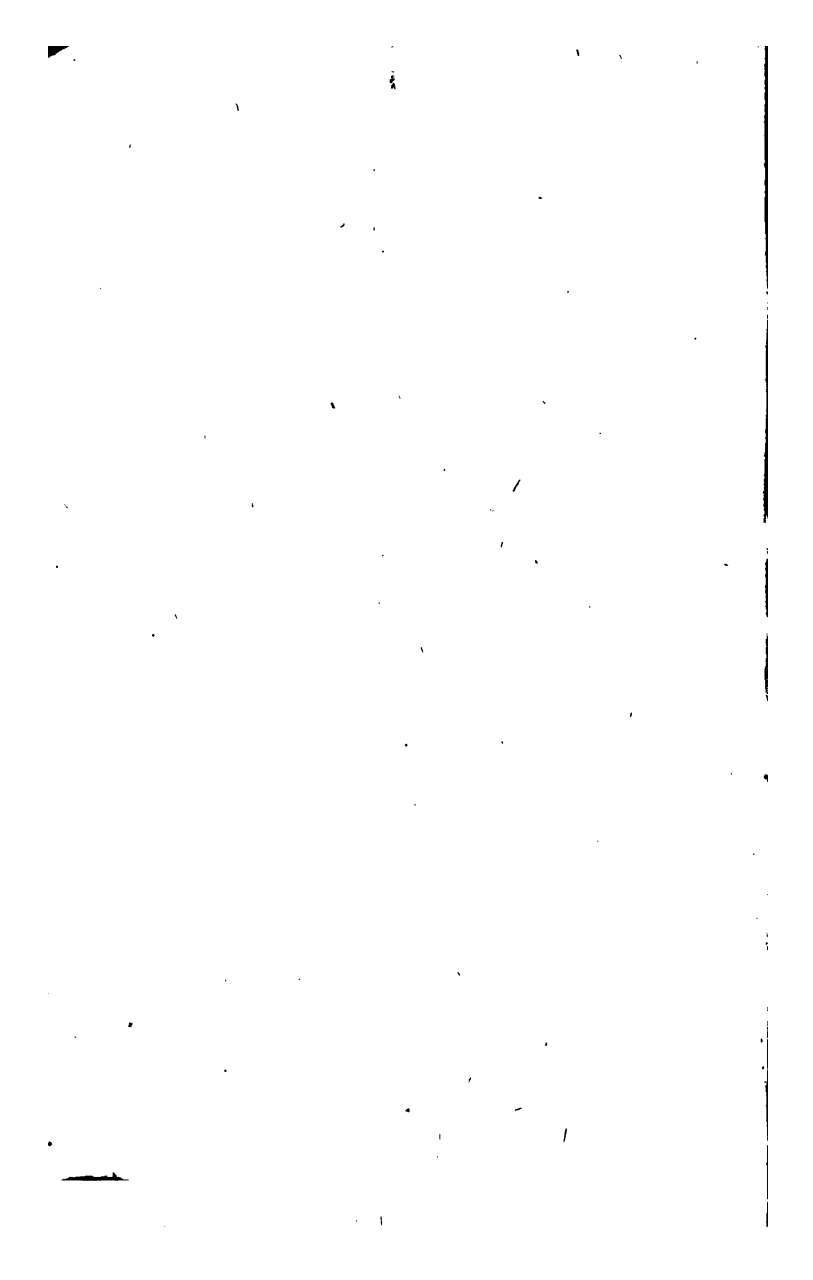
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T H E  
S Y L P H;  
N O V E L.

I N T W O V O L U M E S.

*Devonshire, Georgiana (Spencer) Cavendish,*

- "Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear, *such as,*
- "Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Demons, hear!
- "Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assign'd
- "By laws eternal to th' aërial kind:
- "Some in the fields of purest æther play,
- "And bask, and whiten, in the blaze of day;
- "Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs on high,
- "Or roll the planets thro' the boundless sky:
- "Our humbler province is to tend the Fair,
- "Not a less pleasing, nor less glorious care."

POPE'S Rape of the Lock.

T H E S E C O N D E D I T I O N.

V O L I I.



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# THE SYLPH.

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## LETTER XXVI.

To Miss GRENVILLE.

**I** FEEL easier in my mind, my dearest Louisa, since I have established a sort of correspondence with the Sylph. I can now, when any intricate circumstance arises, which your distance may disable you from being serviceable in, have an almost immediate assistance in, or at least the concurrence of—my Sylph, my guardian angel!

In a letter I received from him the other day, he told me, “a time might come

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“when

“ when he should lose his influence over  
 “ me; however remote the period, as  
 “ there was a possibility of his living to  
 “ see it, the *idea* filled his mind with sor-  
 “ row. The only method his skill could  
 “ divine, of still possessing the privilege of  
 “ superintending my concerns, would be  
 “ to have some pledge from me. He  
 “ flattered himself I should not scruple to  
 “ indulge this only weakness of *humanity*  
 “ he discovered, since I might rest assured  
 “ he had it neither in his will or inclina-  
 “ tion to make an ill use of my conde-  
 “ scension.” The rest of the letter con-  
 tained advice as usual. I only made this  
 extract to tell you my determination on  
 this head. I think to send a little locket  
 with my hair in it. The *design* I have  
 formed in my own mind, and, when it is  
 completed, will describe it to you.

\* \* \* \* \*

I have seriously reflected on what I had  
 written to you in my last concerning Miss  
 Finch and (let me not practise dissingenuity  
 to my beloved sister) the Baron Von-hau-  
 fen. Miss Finch called on me yesterday  
 morning



morning—she brought her work. “I am  
 “come,” said she, “to spend some hours  
 “with you.” “I wish,” returned I, “you  
 “would enlarge your plan, and make it  
 “the whole day.”

“With all my heart,” she replied, “if  
 “you are to be alone; for I wish to have  
 “a good deal of chat with you; and hope  
 “we shall have no male impertinents  
 “break-in upon our little female *tête-à-*  
 “*tête.*” I knew Sir William was out for  
 the day, and gave orders I should not be  
 at home to any one.

As soon as we were quite by ourselves,  
 “Lord!” said she, “I was monstrously  
 “hurried coming hither, for I met Mon-  
 “tagne in the Park, and could hardly get  
 “clear of him—I was fearful he would  
 “follow me here.” As she first mention-  
 ed him, I thought it gave me a kind of  
 right to ask her some questions concerning  
 that gentleman, and the occasion of her  
 rupture with him. She answered me very  
 candidly—“To tell you the truth, my  
 “dear Lady Stanley, it is but lately I had  
 “much idea that it was necessary to love

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“one’s husband, in order to be happy in  
“marriage.” “You astonish me,” I cried.  
“Nay, but hear me. Reflect how we  
“young women, who are born in the air  
“of the court, are bred. Our heads filled  
“with nothing but pleasure—let the means  
“of procuring it be, almost, what you  
“will. We marry—but without any no-  
“tion of its being an union for life—  
“only a few years; and then we make a  
“second choice. But I have lately thought  
“otherwise; and in consequence of these  
“my more serious reflections, am convinced  
“Colonel Montague and I might make a  
“fashionable couple; but never a happy  
“one. I used to laugh at his gaieties,  
“and foolishly thought myself flattered  
“by the attentions of a man whom half  
“my sex had found dangerous; but I  
“never loved him; that I am now more  
“convinced of than ever: and as to re-  
“forming his morals—oh! it would not  
“be worth the pains, if the thing was  
“possible.

“Let the women be ever so exemplary,  
“their conduct will have no influence over  
“these

“ these professed rakes ; these rakes upon  
 “ principle, as that iniquitous Lord Chef-  
 “ terfield has taught our youth to be.  
 “ Only look at yourself, I do not mean to  
 “ flatter you ; what effect has your mild-  
 “ nefs, your thousand and ten thousand  
 “ good qualities, for I will not pretend to  
 “ enumerate them, had over the mind of  
 “ your husband ? None. On my con-  
 “ science, I believe it has only made him  
 “ worse ; because he knew he never should  
 “ be censured by such a pattern of meek-  
 “ nefs. And what chance should such an  
 “ one as I have with one of these *modern*  
 “ husbands ? I fear me, I should become  
 “ a *modern* wife. I think I am not vain-  
 “ glorious, when I say I have not a bad  
 “ heart, and am ambitious of emulating a  
 “ good example. On these considerations  
 “ alone, I resolved to give the Colonel  
 “ his dismissal. He pretended to be  
 “ much hurt by my determination ; but  
 “ I really believe the loss of my fortune is  
 “ his greatest disappointment, as I find  
 “ he has two, if not more, mistresses to  
 “ console him.”

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“ It would hardly be fair,” said I, “ after  
“ your candid declaration, to call any part  
“ in question, or else I should be tempted  
“ to ask you, if you had really no other  
“ motive for your rejection of the Colo-  
“ nel’s suit ?”

“ You scrutinize pretty closely,” return-  
ed Miss Finch, blushing ; “ but I will  
“ make no concealments ; I have a man in  
“ my eye, with whom, I think, the longer  
“ the union lasted, the happier I, at least,  
“ should be.”

“ Do I know the happy man ?”

“ Indeed you do ; and one of some con-  
“ sequence too.”

“ It cannot be Lord Biddulph ?”

“ Lord Biddulph !—No, indeed !—not  
“ Lord Biddulph, I assure your Ladyship ;  
“ though *he* has a title, but not an English  
“ one.”

To you, my dear Louisa, I use no re-  
serve. I felt a sickness and chill all over  
me ; but recovering instantly, or rather,  
I fear, desirous of appearing unaffected by  
what she said, I immediately rejoined—  
“ So then, I may wish the *Baron* joy of his  
“ conquest.”

T H E S Y L P H . 4

“ conquest.” A faint smile, which barely concealed my anguish, accompanied my speech.

“ Why should I be ashamed of saying  
“ I think the Baron the most amiable man  
“ in the world? though it is but lately I  
“ have allowed his superior merit the pre-  
“ ference; indeed, I did not know so much  
“ of him as within these few weeks I have  
“ had opportunity.”

“ He is certainly very amiable,” said I.  
“ But don’t you think it very close?” (I  
felt ill.) “ I believe I must open the win-  
“ dow for a little air. Pursue your pane-  
“ gyric, my dear Miss Finch. I was rather  
“ overcome by the warmth of the day; I  
“ am better now—pray proceed.”

“ Well then, it is not because he is  
“ handsome that I give him this prefe-  
“ rence; for I do not know whether Mon-  
“ tague has not a finer person. Observe;  
“ I make this a doubt, for I think those  
“ marks of the small-pox give an addi-  
“ tional expression to his features. What  
“ say you?”

“ I am no competent judge,” I answer-

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ed, " but, in my opinion, those who do  
" most justice to Baron Ton-hausen, will  
" forget, or overlook, the graces of his  
" person, in the contemplation of the  
" more estimable, because more perma-  
" nent, beauties of his mind."

" What an elegant panegyrist you are !  
" In three words you have comprized his  
" eulogium, which I should have spent  
" hours about, and not so compleated at  
" last. But the opportunity I hinted at  
" having had of late, of discovering more  
" of the Baron's character, is this : I was  
" one day walking in the Park with some  
" ladies ; the Baron joined us ; a well-  
" looking old man, but meanly dressed,  
" met us ; he fixed his eyes on Ton-hau-  
" sen ; he started, then, clasping his hands  
" together, exclaimed with eagerness, ' It  
" is, it must be he ! O, Sir ! O, thou  
" best of men ! ' ' My good friend,' said  
" the Baron, while his face was crim-  
" soned over, ' my good friend, I am  
" glad to see you in health ; but be more  
" moderate.' I never before thought him  
" handsome ; but such a look of bene-  
" volence

“volence accompanied his soft accents,  
 “that I fancied him something more than  
 “mortal. ‘Pardon my too lively expres-  
 “sions,’ the old man answered, ‘but gra-  
 “titude—oh for such benefits! you, Sir,  
 “may, and have a right to command my  
 “lips; but my eyes—my eyes will bear  
 “testimony.’ His voice was now al-  
 “most choaked with sobs, and the tears  
 “flowed plentifully. I was extremely  
 “moved at this scene, and had likewise a  
 “little female curiosity excited to deve-  
 “lope this mystery. I saw the Baron  
 “wished to conceal his own and the old  
 “man’s emotions, so walked a little aside  
 “with him. I took that opportunity of  
 “whispering my servant to find out, if  
 “possible, where this man came from, and  
 “discover the state of this adventure.  
 “The ladies and myself naturally were  
 “chatting on this subject, when the Ba-  
 “ron rejoined our party. ‘Poor fellow,’  
 “said he, ‘he is so full of gratitude for my  
 “having rendered a slight piece of service  
 “to his family, and fancies he owes every  
 “blessing in life to me, for having placed

“ two or three of his children out in the  
 “ world.’ We were unanimous in prais-  
 “ ing the generosity of the Baron, and  
 “ were making some hard reflections on  
 “ the infrequency of such examples among  
 “ the affluent, when Montague came up ;  
 “ he begged to know on whom we were  
 “ so severe ; I told him in three words—  
 “ and pointed to the object of the Baron’s  
 “ bounty. He looked a little chagrined,  
 “ which I attributed to my commenda-  
 “ tions of this late instance of worth, as,  
 “ I believe, I expressed myself with that  
 “ generous warmth which a benevolent  
 “ action excites in a breast capable of  
 “ feeling, and wishing to emulate, such  
 “ patterns. After my return home, my  
 “ servant told me he had followed the  
 “ old man to his lodgings, which were in  
 “ an obscure part of the town, where he  
 “ saw him received by a woman nearly  
 “ his own age, a beautiful girl of eigh-  
 “ teen, and two little boys. James, who  
 “ is really an *adroit* fellow, farther said,  
 “ that, by way of introduction, he told  
 “ them to whom he was servant ; that  
 “ his



" his lady was attached to their interest  
 " from something the Baron had men-  
 " tioned concerning them, and had, in  
 " earnest of her future intentions, sent  
 " them a half-guinea. At the name of  
 " the Baron, the old folks lifted up their  
 " hands and blessed him; the girl blush-  
 " ed, and cast down her eyes, and, said  
 " James, ' I thought, my lady, she seemed  
 " to pray for him with greater fervour  
 " than the rest.' ' He is the noblest of  
 " men!' echoed the old pair. ' He is in-  
 " deed!' sighed the young girl. ' My heart,  
 " my lady, ran over at my eyes to see the  
 " thankfulness of these poor people. They  
 " begged me to make their grateful ac-  
 " knowledgments to your ladyship for your  
 " bounty, and hoped the worthy Baron  
 " would convince you it was not thrown  
 " away on base or forgetful folks.' James  
 " was not farther inquisitive about their  
 " affairs, judging, very properly, that I  
 " should chuse to make some inquiries  
 " myself.

" The next day I happened to meet the  
 " Baron at your house. I hinted to him,

“ how much my curiosity had been excited  
 “ by the adventure in the Park. He made  
 “ very light of it, saying, his services were  
 “ only common ones; but that the object  
 “ having had a tolerable education, his ex-  
 “ pressions were rather adapted to his own  
 “ feelings than to the merit of the benefit.  
 “ ‘ Ah! Baron, I cried, there is more in this  
 “ affair than you think proper to commu-  
 “ nicate. I shall not cease persecuting you  
 “ till you let me a little more into it. I  
 “ feel myself interested, and you must ob-  
 “ lige me with a recital of the circum-  
 “ stances; for which purpose I will set you  
 “ down in my *vis-à-vis*.’ ‘ Are you not  
 “ aware, my dear Miss Finch, of the pain  
 “ you will put me to in resounding my own  
 “ praise?—What can be more perplexing  
 “ to a modest man?’ ‘ A truce with your  
 “ modesty in this instance,’ I replied; ‘ be  
 “ *just* to yourself, and *generously indulgent* to  
 “ me.’ He bowed, and promised to gra-  
 “ tify my desire. When we were seated,  
 “ ‘ I will now obey you, Madam,’ said the  
 “ Baron. ‘ A young fellow, who was the  
 “ lover of the daughter to the old man you  
 “ saw

“ saw yesterday, was inveigled by some  
 “ soldiers to enlist in Colonel Montague’s  
 “ regiment. The present times are so cri-  
 “ tical, that the idea of a soldier’s life is  
 “ full of terror in the breast of a tender  
 “ female. Nancy Johnson was in a state  
 “ of distraction, which the consciousness of  
 “ her being rather too severe in a late dis-  
 “ pute with her lover served to heighten,  
 “ as she fancied herself the cause of his  
 “ resolution. Being a fine young man of  
 “ six feet, he was too eligible an object  
 “ for the Colonel to wish to part from.  
 “ Great intercession, however, was made,  
 “ but to no effect, for he was ordered to  
 “ join the regiment. You must conceive  
 “ the distress of the whole family; the poor  
 “ girl broken-hearted; her parents hang-  
 “ ing over her in anguish, and, ardent to  
 “ restore the peace of mind of their dar-  
 “ ling, forming the determination of com-  
 “ ing up to town to solicit his discharge  
 “ from the Colonel. By accident I became  
 “ acquainted with their distressed situation,  
 “ and, from my intimacy with Montague,  
 “ procured them the blessing they sought  
 “ for.

" for. I have provided him with a small  
 " place, and made a trifling addition to her  
 " portion. They are shortly to be married;  
 " and of course, I hope, happy. And now,  
 " madam," he continued, " I have acquit-  
 " ted myself of my engagement to you."  
 " I thanked him for his recital, and said,  
 " ' I doubted not his pleasure was near as  
 " great as theirs; for to a mind like his;  
 " a benevolent action must carry a great  
 " reward with it.' ' Happiness and plea-  
 " sure,' he answered, ' are both compara-  
 " tive in some degree; and to feel them  
 " in their most exquisite sense, must be  
 " after having been deprived of them for  
 " a long time—we see ourselves possessed  
 " of them when hope had forsaken us;  
 " When the happiness of man depends on  
 " relative objects, he will be frequently lia-  
 " ble to disappointment. I have found  
 " it so. I have seen every prop on which  
 " I had built my schemes of felicity, sink  
 " one after the other; no other resource  
 " was then left, but to endeavour to form  
 " that happiness in others, which fate had  
 " for ever prevented my enjoying; and  
 " when

“ when I succeed, I feel a pleasure which  
 “ for a moment prevents obtruding  
 “ thoughts from rankling in my bosom.  
 “ But I ask your pardon—I am too se-  
 “ rious—tho’ my *tête-à-têtes* with the la-  
 “ dies are usually so.’ I told him, such  
 “ reflections as his conversation gave rise  
 “ to, excited more heart-felt pleasure than  
 “ the broadest mirth could e’er bestow ;  
 “ that *I* too was serious, and I hoped  
 “ should be a better woman as long as I  
 “ lived, from the resolution I had formed  
 “ of attending, for the future, to the hap-  
 “ piness of others more than I had done.  
 “ Here our conversation ended, for we ar-  
 “ rived at his house. I went home full of  
 “ the ideas of the Baron and his recital  
 “ which, tho’ I gave him credit for, I did  
 “ not implicitly believe, at least as to cir-  
 “ cumstances, tho’ I might, to substance.  
 “ I was kept waking the whole night; in  
 “ comparing the several parts of the Ba-  
 “ ron’s and James’s accounts. In short,  
 “ the more I ruminated, the more I was  
 “ convinced there was more in it than the  
 “ Baron had revealed ; and Montague  
 “ being

“ being an actor in the play, did not a  
“ little contribute to my desire of *peeping*  
“ *behind the curtain*, and having the whole  
“ *drama* before me. Accordingly, as soon  
“ as I had breakfasted, I ordered my car-  
“ riage, and took James for my guide.  
“ When we came to the end of the street,  
“ I got out, and away I tramped to John-  
“ son’s lodgings. I made James go up  
“ first, and apprize them of my coming ;  
“ and, out of the goodness of his heart,  
“ in order to relieve their minds from the  
“ perplexity which inferiority always ex-  
“ cites, James told them, I was the best  
“ lady in the world, and might, for cha-  
“ rity, pass for the Baron’s sister. I heard  
“ this as I ascended the stair-case. But,  
“ when I entered, I was really struck  
“ with the figure of the young girl. Di-  
“ vested of all ornament—without the  
“ aid of dress, or any external advantage,  
“ I think I never beheld a more beauti-  
“ ful object. I apologized for the abrupt-  
“ ness of my appearance amongst them,  
“ but added, I doubted not, as a friend  
“ of the Baron’s and an encourager of  
“ merit,

“ merit, I should not be unwelcome, I  
 “ begged them to go on with their several  
 “ employments. They received me  
 “ with that kind of embarrassment which  
 “ is usual with people circumstanced as  
 “ they are, who fancy themselves under  
 “ obligations to the affluent for treating  
 “ them with common civility. That they  
 “ might recover their spirits, I addressed  
 “ myself to the two little boys, and  
 “ emptied my pockets to amuse them.  
 “ I told the good old pair what the Baron  
 “ had related to me; but fairly  
 “ added, I did not believe he had told  
 “ me all the truth, which I attributed  
 “ to his delicacy. ‘ Oh !’ said the young  
 “ girl, ‘ with the best and most noble of  
 “ minds, the Baron possesses the greatest  
 “ delicacy; but I need not tell you so;  
 “ you, Madam, I doubt not, are acquainted  
 “ with his excellencies; and may he, in  
 “ you, receive his earthly reward for the  
 “ good he has done to us !  
 “ Oh, Madam ! he has saved me, both  
 “ soul and body; but for him, I had  
 “ been the most undone of all creatures.  
 “ Sure he was our better angel, sent  
 “ down

down to stand between us and destruc-  
 tion. His father and mother begged  
 “ Wonder not, Madam, said the fa-  
 “ ther, at the lively expressions of my  
 “ child; gratitude is the best master of  
 “ eloquence; his feels, Madam—we all  
 “ feel the force of the advantages we de-  
 “ rive from that worthy man. Good  
 “ God! what had been our situation at  
 “ this moment, had we not owed our de-  
 “ liverance to the Baron!” “I am not,” said  
 “ I, entirely acquainted with the whole  
 “ of your story; the Baron, I am certain,  
 “ concealed great part; but I should be  
 “ happy to hear the particulars.”

“ The old man assured me he had a  
 “ pleasure in reciting a tale which re-  
 “ flected so much honour on the Ba-  
 “ ron; and let me,” said he, “ in the  
 “ pride of my heart, let me add, no  
 “ disgrace on me or mine; for, Madam,  
 “ poverty, in the eye of the right-  
 “ judging, is no disgrace. Heaven is  
 “ my witness, I never repined at my  
 “ lowly station, till by that I was de-  
 “ prived of the means of rescuing my be-  
 “ loved family from their distress. But  
 “ what



" what riches have availed me,  
 " had the evil befallen me from which  
 " that godlike man extricated us? Oh!  
 " Madam, the wealth of worlds could not  
 " have conveyed one ray of comfort to  
 " my heart, if I could not have looked all  
 " round my family, and said, tho' we are  
 " poor, we are virtuous, my children.

" It would be impertinent to trouble  
 " you, Madam, with a prolix account of  
 " my parentage and family. I was once  
 " master of a little charity-school, but  
 " by unavoidable misfortunes I lost it.  
 " My eldest daughter, who sits there,  
 " was tenderly beloved by a young man  
 " in our village, whose virtues would  
 " have reflected honour on the most ele-  
 " vated character. She did ample justice  
 " to his merit. We looked forward to  
 " the *happy* hour that was to render  
 " our child so, and had formed a thou-  
 " sand little schemes of rational delight,  
 " to enliven our evening of life; in one  
 " short moment the sun of our joy was  
 " overcast, and promised to set in lasting  
 " night. On a fatal day, my Nancy was  
 " seen

“ seen by a gentleman in the army, who  
“ was down on a visit to a neighbour-  
“ ing squire, my landlord; her figure at-  
“ tracted his notice, and he followed  
“ her to our peaceful dwelling. Her  
“ mother and I were absent with a sick  
“ relation, and her protector was out at  
“ work with a farmer at some distance.  
“ He obtruded himself into our house,  
“ and begged a draught of ale; my  
“ daughter, whose innocence suspected  
“ no ill, freely gave him a mug, of  
“ which he just sipped; then, putting  
“ it down, swore he would next taste the  
“ nectar of her lips. She repelled his  
“ boldness with all her strength, which,  
“ however, would have availed her but  
“ little, had not our next-door neigh-  
“ bour, seeing a fine-looking man follow  
“ her in, harboured a suspicion that all  
“ was not right, and took an oppor-  
“ tunity of coming in to borrow some-  
“ thing. Nancy was happy to see her,  
“ and begged her to stay till our return,  
“ pretending she could not procure her  
“ what she wanted till then. Finding  
“ himself

“ himself disappointed, Colonel Mon-  
“ tague (I suppose, Madam, you know  
“ him), went away, when Nancy inform-  
“ ed our neighbour of his proceedings.  
“ She had hardly recovered herself  
“ from her perturbation when we came  
“ home. I felt myself exceedingly alarm-  
“ ed at her account ; more particularly as  
“ I learnt the Colonel was a man of in-  
“ trigue, and proposed staying some  
“ time in the country. I resolved never  
“ to leave my daughter at home by her-  
“ self, or suffer her to go out without  
“ her intended husband. But the vigi-  
“ lance of a fond father was too easily  
“ eluded by the subtilties of an enter-  
“ prizing man, who spared neither time  
“ nor money to compass his illaudable  
“ schemes. By presents he corrupted  
“ *that* neighbour, whose timely inter-  
“ position had preserved my child in-  
“ violate. From the friendship she had  
“ expressed for us, we placed the utmost  
“ confidence in her, and, next to our-  
“ selves, intrusted her with the future  
“ welfare of our daughter. When the  
“ out-posts are corrupted, what *fort* can  
“ remain

“ remain unendangered? It is, I believe,  
 “ a received opinion, that more women  
 “ are seduced from the path of virtue  
 “ by their own sex, than by ours. Whe-  
 “ ther it is, that the unlimited faith they  
 “ are apt to put in their own sex weakens  
 “ the barriers of virtue, and renders  
 “ them less powerful against the at-  
 “ tacks of the men, or that, suspecting  
 “ no sinister view, they throw off their  
 “ guard; it is certain that an artful  
 “ and vicious woman is infinitely a more  
 “ to be dreaded companion, than the  
 “ most abandoned libertine. This false  
 “ friend used from time to time to admi-  
 “ nister the poison of flattery to the  
 “ tender, unsuspecting daughter of in-  
 “ nocence. What female is free from  
 “ the seeds of vanity? And unfortu-  
 “ nately, this bad woman was but too  
 “ well versed in this destructive art. She  
 “ continually was introducing instances  
 “ of handsome girls who had made their  
 “ fortunes merely from that circumstance.  
 “ That, to be sure, the young man, her  
 “ sweetheart, had merit; but what a  
 “ pity a person like her’s should be left  
 “ to

“ to the world! That she believed the  
 “ Colonel to be too much a man of ho-  
 “ nour to seduce a young woman, though  
 “ he might like to divert himself with  
 “ them. What a fine opportunity it  
 “ would be to raise her family, like *Pa-  
 “ mela Andrews*; and accordingly placed  
 “ in the hands of my child those per-  
 “ nicious volumes. Ah! Madam, what  
 “ wonder such artifices should prevail  
 “ over the ignorant mind of a young  
 “ rustic! Alas! they sunk too deep.  
 “ Nancy first learnt to detest the ho-  
 “ nest, artless effusions of her first lover’s  
 “ heart. His language was insipid, after  
 “ the lascivious speeches, and ardent but  
 “ dishonourable warmth of Mr. B—, in  
 “ the books before-mentioned. Taught  
 “ to despise simplicity, she was easily led to  
 “ suffer the Colonel to plead for pardon  
 “ for his late boldness. My poor girl’s  
 “ head was now completely turned, to  
 “ see such an accomplished man kneeling  
 “ at her feet suing for forgiveness and  
 “ using the most refined expressions; and  
 “ elevating her to a Goddess, that he  
 “ might debase her to the lowest dregs  
 “ of

“ of human kind. Oh ! Madam, what  
“ have not such wretches to answer for !  
“ The Colonel’s professions, however,  
“ at present, were all within the bounds  
“ of honour. A man never scruples  
“ to make engagements which he never  
“ purposes to fulfil, and which he takes  
“ care no one shall ever be able to claim.  
“ He was very profuse of promises, judg-  
“ ing it the most likely method of tri-  
“ umphing over her virtue by appearing  
“ to respect it. Things were proceeding  
“ thus ; when, finding the Colonel’s con-  
“ tinued stay in our neighbourhood, I  
“ became anxious to conclude my daugh-  
“ ter’s union, hoping, that when he  
“ should see her married, he would en-  
“ tirely lay his schemes aside ; for,  
“ by his hovering about our village,  
“ I could not remain satisfied, or pre-  
“ vent disagreeable apprehensions arising.  
“ My daughter was too artless to frame  
“ any excuse to protract her wedding,  
“ and equally *so*, not to discover, by  
“ her confusion, that her sentiments were  
“ changed. My intended son-in-law  
“ saw too clearly that *change* ; perhaps  
“ he

“ he had heard more than I had. He  
 “ made rather a too sharp observation on  
 “ the alteration in his mistress’s features.  
 “ Duty and respect kept her silent to me,  
 “ but to him she made an acrimonious re-  
 “ ply. He had been that day at market,  
 “ and had taken a too free draught of ale.  
 “ His spirits had been elevated by my in-  
 “ formation, that I would that evening  
 “ fix his wedding-day. The damp on my  
 “ daughter’s brow had therefore a greater  
 “ effect on him. He could not brook her  
 “ reply, and his answer to it was a sarca-  
 “ stic reflection on those women who were  
 “ undone by the *red-coats*. This touched  
 “ too nearly ; and, after darting a look  
 “ of the most ineffable contempt on him,  
 “ Nancy declared, whatever might be the  
 “ consequence, she would never give her  
 “ hand to a man who had dared to treat  
 “ her on the eve of her marriage with such  
 “ unexampled insolence ; so saying, she  
 “ left the room. I was sorry matters had  
 “ gone so far, and wished to reconcile the  
 “ pair, but both were too haughty to yield

“ to the intercessions I made; and he left  
 “ us with a fixed resolution of making  
 “ her repent, as he said. As is too com-  
 “ mon in such cases, the public-house  
 “ seemed the properest asylum for the  
 “ disappointed lover. He there met with  
 “ a recruiting serjeant of the Colonel’s,  
 “ who, we since find, was sent on purpose  
 “ to our village, to get Nancy’s future  
 “ husband out of the way. The bait un-  
 “ happily took, and before morning he  
 “ was enlisted in the king’s service. His  
 “ father and mother, half distracted, ran  
 “ to our house, to learn the cause of this  
 “ rash action in their son. Nancy, whose  
 “ virtuous attachment to her former lover  
 “ had only been lulled to sleep, now felt  
 “ it rouse with redoubled violence. She  
 “ pictured to herself the dangers he was  
 “ now going to encounter, and accused  
 “ herself with being the cause. Judging  
 “ of the influence she had over the Colo-  
 “ nel, she flew into his presence; she beg-  
 “ ged, she conjured him, to give the pre-  
 “ cipitate young soldier his discharge. He



" told her, ' he could freely grant any  
 " thing, to her petition, but that it was  
 " too much ~~his~~ interest to remove the only  
 " obstacle to his happiness out of the way,  
 " for him to be able to comply with her  
 " request.' ' However,' continued he,  
 " taking her hand, ' my Nancy has it in  
 " her power to preserve the young man.'  
 " ' Oh!' cried she, ' how freely would I  
 " exert that power!' ' Be mine this moment,'  
 " said he, ' and I will promise on my ho-  
 " nour to discharge him.' ' By that sa-  
 " cred word,' said Nancy, ' I beg you,  
 " Sir, to reflect on the cruelty of your  
 " conduct to me! what generous profes-  
 " sions you have made voluntarily to me!  
 " how sincerely have you promised me  
 " your friendship! and does all this end  
 " in a design to render me the most cri-  
 " minal of beings?' ' My angel,' cried  
 " the Colonel, throwing his arms round  
 " her waist, and pressing her hand to his  
 " lips, ' give not so harsh a name to my  
 " intention. No disgrace shall befall you.  
 " You are a sensible girl; and I need not,  
 " I am sure, tell you, that, circumstanced

“ as I am in life, it would be utterly im-  
 “ possible to marry you. I adore you;  
 “ you know it; do not then play the sex  
 “ upon me, and treat me with rigour,  
 “ because I have candidly confessed I can-  
 “ not live without you. Consent to be-  
 “ stow on me the possession of your  
 “ charming person, and I will hide your  
 “ lovely blushes in my fond bosom; while  
 “ you shall whisper to my enraptured ear,  
 “ that I shall still have the delightful pri-  
 “ vilege of an husband, and Will Parker  
 “ shall bear the name. This little deli-  
 “ cious private treaty shall be known only  
 “ to ourselves. Speak, my angel, or ra-  
 “ ther let me read your willingness in  
 “ your lovely eyes.’ ‘ If I have been  
 “ silent, Sir,’ said my poor girl, ‘ believe  
 “ me, it is the horror which I feel at your  
 “ proposal, which struck me dumb. But,  
 “ thus called upon, let me say, I bless  
 “ Heaven, for having allowed me to see  
 “ your cloven-foot, while yet I can be out  
 “ of its reach. You may wound me to  
 “ the soul, and (no longer able to conceal  
 “ her tears) you have most sorely wound-

“ ed

“ ed me through the side of William ;  
 “ but I will never consent to enlarge him  
 “ at the price of my honour. We are  
 “ poor people. He has not had the ad-  
 “ vantages of education as you have had ;  
 “ but, lowly as his mind is, I am con-  
 “ vinced he would first die, before I should  
 “ suffer for his sake. Permit me, Sir, to  
 “ leave you, deeply affected with the  
 “ disappointments I have sustained ; and  
 “ more so, that in part I have brought  
 “ them on myself.’ Luckily at this mo-  
 “ ment a servant came in with a letter.  
 “ ‘ You are now engaged, Sir,’ she added,  
 “ striving to hide her distress from the  
 “ man. ‘ Stay, young woman,’ said the  
 “ Colonel, ‘ I have something more to say  
 “ to you on this head.’ ‘ I thank you,  
 “ Sir,’ said she, curtsying, ‘ but I will  
 “ take the liberty of sending my father to  
 “ hear what further you may have to say  
 “ on this subject.’ He endeavoured to  
 “ detain her, but she took this opportu-  
 “ nity of escaping. On her return, she  
 “ threw her arms round her mother’s  
 “ neck, unable to speak for sobs. Good

“ God! what were our feelings on seeing  
 “ her distress! dying to hear, yet dread-  
 “ ing to enquire. My wife folded her  
 “ speechless child to her bosom, and in  
 “ all the agony of despair besought her to  
 “ explain this mournful silence. Nancy  
 “ slid from her mother’s incircling arms,  
 “ and sunk upon her knees, hiding her  
 “ face in her lap: at last she sobbed out,  
 “ ‘ she was undone for ever; her William  
 “ would be hurried away, and the Colonel  
 “ was the basest of men.’ These broken  
 “ sentences served but to add to our dis-  
 “ traction. We urged a full account; but  
 “ it was a long time before we could learn  
 “ the whole particulars. The poor girl  
 “ now made a full recital of all her folly,  
 “ in having listened so long to the artful  
 “ addresses of Colonel Montague, and the  
 “ no less artful persuasions of our perfi-  
 “ dious neighbour; and concluded, by  
 “ imploring our forgiveness. It would  
 “ have been the height of cruelty, to have  
 “ added to the already deeply wounded  
 “ Nancy. We assured her of our pardon,  
 “ and spoke all the comfortable things we  
 “ could

“ could devise. She grew tolerably calm,  
 “ and we talked composedly of applying  
 “ to some persons whom we hoped might  
 “ assist us. Just at this juncture, a con-  
 “ fused noise made us run to the door,  
 “ when we beheld some soldiers marching,  
 “ and dragging with them the unfortunate  
 “ William loaded with irons, and hand-  
 “ cuffed. On my hastily demanding why  
 “ he was thus treated like a felon, the  
 “ serjeant answered, he had been detected  
 “ in an attempt to desert; but that he  
 “ would be tried to-morrow, and might  
 “ escape with five hundred lashes; but, if  
 “ he did not mend his manners for the  
 “ future, he would be shot, as all such  
 “ cowardly dogs ought to be; and added,  
 “ they were on the march to the regiment.  
 “ Figure to yourself, Madam, what was  
 “ now the situation of poor Nancy. Ima-  
 “ gination can hardly picture so distressed  
 “ an object. A heavy stupor seemed to  
 “ take intire possession of all her faculties.  
 “ Unless strongly urged, she never opened  
 “ her lips, and then only to breathe out

“ the most heart-piercing complaints. To-  
 “ wards the morning, she appeared in-  
 “ clinable to doze; and her mother left  
 “ her bed-side, and went to her own.  
 “ When we rose, my wife’s first business  
 “ was to go and see how her child fared;  
 “ but what was her grief and astonish-  
 “ ment, to find the bed cold, and her  
 “ darling fled! A small scrap of paper,  
 “ containing these few distracted words,  
 “ was all the information we could gain:

“ ‘ My dearest father and mother, make  
 “ no inquiry after the most forlorn of all  
 “ wretches. I am undeserving of your  
 “ least *regard*. I fear, I have forfeited  
 “ *that* of Heaven. Yet pray for me :  
 “ I am myself unable, as I shall prove  
 “ myself unworthy. I am in despair ;  
 “ what that despair may lead to, I dare  
 “ not tell : I dare hardly think. Fare-  
 “ well. May my brothers and sisters re-  
 “ pay you the tenderness which has been  
 “ thrown away on A. Johnson!’ My  
 “ wife’s shrieks reached my affrighted  
 “ ears; I flew to her, and felt a thousand  
 “ conflicting

“ conflicting passions, while I read the  
 “ dreadful scroll. We ran about the yard  
 “ and little field, every moment terrified  
 “ with the idea of seeing our beloved  
 “ child’s corpse; for what other inter-  
 “ pretation could we put on the alarming  
 “ notice we had received, but that to  
 “ destroy herself was her intention? All  
 “ our inquiry failed. I then formed the  
 “ resolution of going up to London, as  
 “ I heard the regiment was ordered to  
 “ quarters near town, and *hoped* there.  
 “ After a fruitless search of some days,  
 “ our strength, and what little money  
 “ we had collected, nearly exhausted, it  
 “ pleased the mercy of heaven to raise  
 “ us up a friend; one, who, like an an-  
 “ gel, bestowed every comfort upon us;  
 “ in short, all comforts in one—our dear  
 “ wanderer: restored her to us pure and  
 “ undefiled, and obtained us the felicity  
 “ of looking forward to better days.  
 “ But I will pursue my long detail with  
 “ some method, and follow my poor  
 “ distressed daughter thro’ all the sad  
 “ variety of woe she was doomed to en-  
 “ counter. She told us, that, as soon as  
 “ her

“ her mother had left her room, she rose  
“ and dressed herself, wrote the little  
“ melancholy note, then stole softly out  
“ of the house, resolving to follow the  
“ regiment, and to preserve her lover  
“ by resigning herself to the base wishes  
“ of the Colonel ; that she had taken the  
“ gloomy resolution of destroying herself,  
“ as soon as his discharge was signed, as  
“ she could not support the idea of living  
“ in infamy. Without money, she fol-  
“ lowed them, at a painful distance, on  
“ foot, and sustained herself from the  
“ springs and a few berries ; she arrived  
“ at the market-town where they were  
“ to take up their quarters ; and the  
“ first news that struck her ear was, that a  
“ fine young fellow was just then receiv-  
“ ing part of five hundred lashes for de-  
“ sertion ; her trembling limbs just bore  
“ her to the dreadful scene ; she saw  
“ the back of her William streaming  
“ with blood ; she heard his agonizing  
“ groans ! she saw—she heard no more !  
“ She sunk insensible on the ground.  
“ The compassion of the crowd around  
“ her, soon, too soon, restored her to a  
“ sense



“ sense of her distress. The object of  
 “ it was, at this moment, taken from the  
 “ halberts, and was conveying away, to  
 “ have such applications to his lacerated  
 “ back as should preserve his life to a  
 “ renewal of his torture. He was led  
 “ by the spot where my child was sup-  
 “ ported ; he instantly knew her. ‘ Oh !  
 “ Nancy,’ he cried, ‘ what do I see ?’  
 “ ‘ A wretch,’ she exclaimed, ‘ but one  
 “ who will do you justice. Could my  
 “ death have prevented this, freely would  
 “ I have submitted to the most painful.  
 “ Yes, my William, I would have died  
 “ to have released you from those bonds,  
 “ and the exquisite torture I have been  
 “ witness to ; but the cruel Colonel is  
 “ deaf to intreaty ; nothing but my  
 “ everlasting ruin can preserve you.  
 “ Yet you shall be preserved ; and heaven  
 “ will, I hope, have that mercy on my  
 “ poor soul, which this basest of men  
 “ will not shew.’ The wretches, who had  
 “ the care of poor William, hurried him  
 “ away, nor would suffer him to speak.  
 “ Nancy strove to run after them, but  
 “ fell a second time, through weakness

“ and distress of mind. Heaven sent  
“ amongst the spectators that best of  
“ men, the noble-minded Baron. Averse  
“ to such scenes of cruel discipline, he  
“ came that way by accident; struck  
“ with the appearance of my frantic  
“ daughter, he stopped to make some  
“ inquiry. He stayed till the crowd had  
“ dispersed, and then addressed himself  
“ to this forlorn victim of woe. Despair  
“ had rendered her wholly unreserved;  
“ and she related, in few words, the  
“ unhappy resolution she was obliged to  
“ take, to secure her lover from a repetition  
“ of his sufferings. ‘ If I will devote  
“ myself to infamy to Colonel  
“ Montague,’ said she, ‘ my dear William  
“ will be released. Hard as the  
“ terms are, I cannot refuse. See, see!’  
“ she screamed out, ‘ how the blood runs!’  
“ Oh! stop thy barbarous hand!’ She  
“ raved, and then fell into a fit again.  
“ The good Baron intreated some people,  
“ who were near, to take care of  
“ her. They removed the distracted  
“ creature to a house in the town, where  
“ some comfortable things were given her  
“ by

“ by an apothecary, which the care of  
 “ the Baron provided.

“ By his indefatigable industry, the  
 “ Baron discovered the basest collusion  
 “ between the Colonel and serjeant ;  
 “ that, by the instigation of the former,  
 “ the latter had been tampering with  
 “ the young recruit, about procuring  
 “ his discharge for a sum of money,  
 “ which he being at that time unable to  
 “ advance, the serjeant was to connive at  
 “ his escape, and receive the stipulated  
 “ reward by instalments. This infamous  
 “ league was contrived to have a plea  
 “ for tormenting poor William, hoping,  
 “ by that means, to effect the ruin of  
 “ Nancy. The whole of this black  
 “ transaction being unravelled, the Baron  
 “ went to Colonel Montague, to whom  
 “ he talked in pretty severe terms. The  
 “ Colonel, at first, was very warm, and  
 “ wanted much to decide the affair, as  
 “ he said, in an honourable way. The  
 “ Baron replied, ‘ it was too *disbonourable*  
 “ a piece of business to be thus decided ;  
 “ that he went on sure grounds ; that  
 “ he would prosecute the serjeant for  
 “ wilful

“ wilful and corrupt perjury ; and how  
“ honourably it would sound, that the  
“ Colonel of the regiment had conspired  
“ with such a fellow to procure an inno-  
“ cent man so ignominious a punishment.”  
“ As this was not an affair of common  
“ gallantry, the Colonel was fearful of  
“ the exposure of it ; therefore, to hush  
“ it up, signed the discharge, remitted  
“ the remaining infliction of discipline,  
“ and gave a note of two hundred pounds  
“ for the young people to begin the  
“ world with. The Baron generously  
“ added the same sum. I had heard my  
“ daughter was near town ; the circum-  
“ stances of her distress were aggravated  
“ in the accounts I had received. Pro-  
“ vidence, in pity to my age and infir-  
“ mities, at last brought us together.  
“ I advertised her in the papers : and our  
“ guardian angel used such means to dis-  
“ cover my lodgings, as had the desired  
“ effect. My children are now happy ;  
“ they were married last week. Our ge-  
“ nerous protector gave Nancy to her  
“ faithful William. We propose leaving  
“ this place soon ; and shall finish out  
“ days

“ days in praying for the happiness of our  
“ benefactor.”

“ You will suppose,” continued Miss Finch, “ my dear Lady Stanley, how  
“ much I was affected with this little  
“ narrative. I left the good folks with  
“ my heart filled with resentment against  
“ Montague, and complacency towards  
“ Ton-haufen. You will believe I did  
“ not hesitate long about the dismissal  
“ of the former; and my frequent con-  
“ versations on this head with the lat-  
“ ter has made him a very favourable  
“ interest in my bosom. Not that I have  
“ the vanity to think he possesses any  
“ predilection in my favour; but, till I see  
“ a man I like as well as him, I will not  
“ receive the addresses of any one.”

We joined in our commendation of the generous Baron. The manner in which he disclaimed all praise, Miss Finch said, served only to render him still more praise-worthy. He begged her to keep this little affair a secret, and particularly from me. I asked Miss Finch, why he should make that request? “ I know not indeed,” she answered, “ ex-  
“ cept

“cept that, knowing I was more intimate  
 “with you than any one beside, he might  
 “mention your name by way of en-  
 “forcing the restriction.” Soon after this,  
 Miss Finch took leave.

Oh, Louisa! dare I, even to your indulgent bosom, confide my secret thoughts? How did I lament not being in the Park the day of this adventure! I might then have been the envied *confidante* of the amiable Ton-hausen. They have had frequent conversations in consequence. The softness which the melancholy detail gave to Miss Finch’s looks and expressions, have deeply impressed the mind of the Baron. Should I have shewn less sensibility? I have, indeed, rather sought to conceal the tenderness of my soul. I have been constrained to do so. Miss Finch has given her’s full scope, and has rivetted the chain which her beauty and accomplishments first forged. But what am I doing? Oh! my sister, chide me for thus giving loose to such expressions. How much am I to blame! How infinitely more prudent is the Baron! He begged that I, of all persons,

persons, should not know his generosity. Heavens! what an idea does that give birth to! He has seen—Oh! Louisa, what will become of me, if he should have discovered the struggles of my soul? If he should have searched into the recesses of my heart, and developed the thin veil I spread over the feelings I have laboured incessantly to overcome! He then, perhaps, wished to conceal his excellencies from me, lest I should be too partial to them. I ought then to copy his discretion. I will do so; Yes, Louisa, I will drive his image from my bosom! I ought—I know it would be my interest to wish him married to Miss Finch, or any one that would make him happy. I am culpable in harbouring the remotest desire of his preserving his attachment to me. He has had virtue enough to conquer so *improper* an attachment; and, if improper in him, how infinitely more so in me! But I will dwell no longer on this forbidden subject; let me set bounds to my pen, as an earnest that I most truly mean to do so to my thoughts.

Think

Think what an enormous packet I shall send you. Preserve your affection for me, my dearest sister; and, trust to my asseverations, you shall have no cause to blush for

JULIA STANLEY.

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LETTER XXVII.

To Miss GRENVILLE.

**T**HIS morning I dispatched to Arderton's Coffee-house the most elegant locket in hair that you ever saw. May I be permitted to say thus much, when the design was all my own? Yet, why not give myself praise when I can? The locket is in the form and size of that bracelet I sent you; the device, an altar, on which is inscribed these words, *To Gratitude*, an elegant figure of a woman making an offering on her knees, and a winged cherub bearing the incense to heaven. A narrow plait of hair, about the breadth of penny ribbon, is fastened on each side the locket, near the top, by three diamonds,



monds, and united with a bow of diamonds, by which it may hang to a ribbon. I assure you, it is exceedingly pretty. I hope the Sylph will approve of it. I forget to tell you, as the hair was taken from my head by your dear hand before I married, I took the fancy of putting the initials I. G. instead of I. S. It was a whim that seized me, because the hair did never belong to I. S.

Adieu!

L E T T E R XXVIII.

From the SYLPH to Lady STANLEY.

**W**ILL my amiable charge be ever thus encreasing my veneration, my almost adoration of her perfections? Yes, Julia; still pursue these methods, and my whole life will be too confined a period to render you my acknowledgments. Its best services have, and ever shall be, devoted to your advantage. I have no other business, and, I am sure, no other pleasure, in this world, than to watch over your interest; and, if I should

at

at any time be so fortunate as to have procured you the smallest share of felicity, or saved you from the minutest inquietude, I shall feel myself amply repaid; repaid! where have I learnt so cold an expression? from the earth-born sons of clay? I shall feel a bliss beyond the sensation of a mortal!

None but a mind delicate as your own can form an idea of the sentimental joy I experienced on seeing the letters I. G. on the most elegant of devices, an emblem of the lovely giver! There was a purity, a chasteness of thought, in the design, which can only be conceived; all expression would be faint; even my Julia can hardly define it. Wonder not at my boundless partiality to you. You know not, you see not, yourself, as I *know* and *see* you. I pierce through the recesses of your soul; each fold expands itself to my eye; the struggles of your mind are open to my view; I see how nobly your virtue towers over the involuntary tribute you pay to concealed merit. But be not uneasy. Feel not humiliated, that the  
secret

secret of your mind is discovered to me. Heaven sees our thoughts, and reads our hearts; we know it; but feel no restraint therefrom. Consider me as Heaven's agent, and be not dismayed at the idea of having a window in your breast, when only the sincerest, the most disinterested of your friends, is allowed the privilege of looking through it. Adieu! May the blest above (thy only superiors), guard you from ill! So prays your

SYLPH.

LETTER XXIX.

To the SYLPH.

**T**HOUGH encouraged by the commendations of my Sylph, I tremble when you tell me the most retired secrets of my soul are open to your view. You say you have seen its struggles. Oh! that you alone have seen them! Could I be assured, that one *other* is yet a stranger to those struggles, I should feel no more humiliated (though that

that word is not sufficiently strong to express my meaning), than I do in my confessions to Heaven; because I am taught to believe, that our thoughts are involuntary, and that we are not answerable for them, unless they tend to excite us to evil actions. Mine, thank God! have done me no other mischief, than robbing me of that *repose*, which, perhaps, had I been blest with insensibility, might have been my portion. But a very large share of insensibility must have been dealt out to me, to have guarded me from my sense of merit in one person, and my feeling no affliction at the want of it in another, that *other* too, with whose fate mine is unavoidably connected. I must do myself that justice to say, my heart would have remained fixed with my hand, had my husband remained the same. Had *he* known no change, my affections would have centered in him; that is, I should have passed through life a dutiful and observant partner of his cares and pleasures. When I married, I had never loved any but my own relations; indeed I had seen

no one to love. The language, and its emotions, were equally strangers to my ears or heart. Sir William Stanley was the first man who used the one, and consequently, in a bosom so young and inexperienced as mine, created the other. He told me, he loved. I blushed, and felt confused; unhappily, I construed these indications of self-love into an attachment for him. Although this bore but a small relation to love, yet, in a breast where virtue and a natural tenderness resided, it would have been sufficient to have guarded my heart from receiving any other impression. He did so, till repeated slights and irregularities on one hand, and on the other all the virtues and graces that can adorn and beautify the mind, raised a conflict in my bosom, that has destroyed my peace, and hurt my constitution. I have a beloved sister, who deserves all the affection I bear her; from her I have concealed nothing. She has read every secret of my heart; for, when I wrote to her, reserve was banished from my pen. This unfortunate predilection, which, believe me, I have from the first combated

combated with all my force, has given my Louisa, who has the tenderest soul, the utmost uneasiness. I have very lately assured her, my resolves to conquer this fatal attachment are fixed and permanent. I doubt (and she thinks perhaps) I have too often indulged myself in dwelling upon the dangerous subject in my frequent letters. I have given my word I will mention him no more. Oh! my Sylph! how has he risen in my esteem from a recent story I have heard of him! How hard is my fate (you can read my thoughts, so that to endeavour to soften the expression would be needless), that I am constrained to obey the man I can neither love nor honour! and, alas! love the man, who is not, nor can be, any thing to me.

I have vowed to my sister, myself, and now to you, that, however hardly treated, yet virtue and rectitude shall be my guide. I arrogate no great merit to myself in still preserving myself untainted in this vortex of folly and vice: No one falls all at once; and I have no temptation to do so. The man I  
esteem

esteem above all others is superior to all others. His manners refined, generous, virtuous, humane; oh! when shall I fill the catalogue of his excellent qualities? He pays a deference to me, at least used to do, because I was not tinctured with the licentious fashion of the times; he would lose that esteem for me, were I to act without decency and discretion; and I hope I know enough of my heart, to say, I should no longer feel an attachment for him, did he countenance vice. Alas! what is to be inferred from this, but that I shall carry this fatal preference with me to the grave! Let me, however, descend to *it*, without bringing disgrace on myself, sorrow on my beloved relations, and repentance on my Sylph, for having thrown away his counsels on an ingrate; and I will peacefully retire from a world for whose pleasures I have very little taste. Adieu.

## LETTER XXX.

To Lady STANLEY.

My dearest Sister,

**I**T is with infinite pleasure I receive your promise, of no longer indulging your pen with a subject which has too much engaged your thoughts of late; a pleasure, heightened by the assurance, that your silence in future shall be an earnest of banishing an image from your idea, which I cannot but own, from the picture you have drawn, is very amiable, and, for that reason, very dangerous. I will, my Julia, emulate your example; this shall be the last letter that treats on this to-be-forbidden theme. Permit me, therefore, to make some comment on your long letter. Sure never two people were more strongly contrasted than the Baron and the Colonel. The one seems the kindly sun, cherishing the tender herbage of the field; the other, the blasting mildew, breathing its pestiferous venom over every beautiful plant and flower. However,



ever, do you, my love, only regard them as virtue and vice personified; look on them as patterns and examples; view them in no other light; for in *no other* can they be of any advantage to you. You are extremely reprehensible (I hope, and believe, I shall never have occasion to use such harsh language again) in your strictures on the supposed change in the Baron's sentiments. You absolutely seem to regret, if not express anger, that *he* has had virtue sufficient to resist the violence of an improper attachment. The efforts he has made, and my partiality for you supposes them not to have been easily made, ought to convince you, the conquest over ourselves is possible, though oftentimes difficult. It is, I believe, (and I may say I am certain from my own experience) a very mistaken notion, that we nourish our afflictions, by keeping them to ourselves. I said, I know so experimentally. While I indulged myself, and your tenderness induced you to do the same, in lamenting in the most pathetic language the perfidy of

Mr. Montgomery and Emily Wingrove, I increased the wounds which that *perfidy* occasioned; but, when I took the resolution of never mentioning their names, or ever suffering myself to dwell on former scenes, burning every letter I had received from either; though these efforts cost me floods of tears, and many sleepless nights, yet, in time, my reflections lost much of their poignancy; and I chiefly attribute it to my steady adherence to my laudable resolution. He deserved not my tenderness, even if only because he was married to another. This is the first time I have suffered my pen to write his name since that determination; nor does he now ever mix with my thoughts unless by chance, and then quite as an indifferent person. I have recalled his idea for no other reason, than to convince you, that, although painful, yet self-conquest is attainable. You will not think I am endowed with less sensibility than you are; and I had long been authorized to indulge my attachment to this ingrate, and had long been cruelly deceived into  
a belief,

a belief, that his regard was equal to mine; while, from the first, you could have no *hope* to lead you on by flowery footsteps to the confines of *disappointment* and *despair*; for to those goals does that fallacious phantom too frequently lead. You envy Miss Finch the distinction which accident induced the Baron to pay her, by making her his *confidante*. Had you been on the spot, it is possible you might have shared his confidence; but, believe me, I am thankful to Heaven, that chance threw you not in his way; with your natural tenderness, and your unhappy predilection, I tremble for what might have been the consequence of frequent conversations, in which pity and compassion bore so large a share, as perhaps might have superseded every other consideration. I wish from my soul, and hope my Julia will soon join my wish, that the Baron may be in earnest in his attention to Miss Finch. I wish to have him married, that his engagements may increase, and prevent your seeing him so often as you now do, for undoubtedly

D 3

your

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your difficulty will be greater ; but consider, my dear Julia, your triumph will be *greater* likewise. It is sometimes harder to turn one's eyes from a pleasing object than one's thoughts ; yet there is nothing which may not be atchieved by resolution and perseverance ; both of which, I question not, my beloved will exert, if it be but to lighten the oppressed mind of her faithful

LOUISA GRENVILLE.

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## L E T T E R XXXI.

To the SYLPH.

**W**ILL my kind guardian candidly inform me if he thinks I may comply with the desire of Sir William, in going next Thursday to the masquerade at the Pantheon ? Without your previous advice, I would not willingly consent. Is it a diversion of which I may participate without danger ? Though I doubt there is hardly decency enough left in this part of the world, that *vice* need wear a mask ; yet do not people give a greater  
scope

scope to their licentious inclinations while under that veil? However, if you think I may venture with safety, I will indulge my husband, who seems to have set his mind on my accompanying his party thither. Miss Finch has promised to go if I go; and, as she has been often to those motley meetings, assures me she will take care of me. Sir William does not know of my application to that lady; but I did so, merely to gain time to inform you, that I might have your sanction (or be justified by your advising the contrary), either to accept or reject the invitation.

I am ever your obliged,

J. S.

## LETTER XXXII.

From the SYLPH.

**W**HEN the face is masked, the mind is uncovered. From the conduct and language of those who frequent masquerades, we may judge of the principles of their souls. A modest woman will

D 4

blush

blush in the dark ; and a man of honour would scorn to use expressions while behind a vizard, which he would not openly avow in the face of day. A masquerade is then the criterion, by which you should form your opinion of people ; and, as I believe I have before observed to my Julia, that female companions are either the safest or ~~most~~ most dangerous of any, you may make this trial, whether Miss F, is, or is not, one in whom you may confide. When I say *confide*, I would not be understood that you should place an unlimited confidence in her ; there is no occasion to lay our hearts bare to the inspection of all our intimates ; we should lessen the compliment we mean to pay to our particular friends, by destroying that distinguishing mark. But you want a female companion. Indeed, for your sake, I should wish you one older than Miss F. and a married woman ; yet, unless she was very prudent, you had better be the *leader* than the *lad* ; therefore, upon the whole, perhaps it is as well as it is.

I shall

T H E   S Y L P H   57

I shall never enough admire your amiable condescension, in asking (in a manner) my permission to go to the Pantheon. And at the same time I feel the delicacy of your situation, and the effect it must have on a woman of your exquisite sensibility, to be constrained to appeal to another in an article wherein her husband ought to be the properest guide. Unhappily for you, Sir William will find so many engagements, that the protection of his wife must be left either to her own discretion, or to strangers. But your Sylph, my Julia, will never desert you. You request my leave to go thither. I freely grant that, and even more than you desire. I will meet my charge among the motley groupe. I do not demand a description of your dress; for, oh! what disguise can conceal you from him whose heart only vibrates in union with yours? I will not inform you how I shall be habited that night, as I have not a doubt but that I shall soon be discovered by you, though I shall be invisible to all beside. Only you will see me; and I, of course, shall only see you;

you, who are all and every thing in this  
world to your faithful attendant

SYLPH.

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To the SYLPH.

LETTER XXXIII.

**W**ILL you ever thus be adding to my weight of obligation! Yes! my Sylph! be still thus kind, thus indulgent; and be assured your benevolence shall be repaid by my steady adherence to your virtuous counsel. Adieu! Thursday is eagerly wished for by your's,

J. S.

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LETTER XXXIV.

To Miss GRENVILLE.

**E**NCLOSED my Louisa will find some letters which have passed between the Sylph and your Julia. I have sent them, to inform you of my being present at a masquerade, in compliance with the taste of Sir William, who was very desirous of my exhibiting myself there.



there. As he has of late never intimated an inclination to have me in any of his parties till this whim seized him, I thought it would not become me to refuse my consent. You will find, however, I was not so dutiful a wife as to pay an implicit obedience to his mandate, without taking the concurrence of my guardian angel on the subject. My dear, you must be first circumstanced as I am (which Heaven forbid!), before you can form an idea of the satisfaction I felt on the assurances of my Sylph's being present. No words can convey it to you. It seemed as if I was going to enjoy the ultimate wish of my heart. As to my dress, I told Sir William I would leave the choice of it to him, not doubting, in matters of elegant taste, he would be far superior to me. I made him this compliment, as I have been long convinced he has no other pleasure in possessing me, than what is excited by the admiration which other people bestow on me. Nay, he has said, unless he heard every body say his wife was one of the hand-

fonest women at court, he would never suffer her to appear there, or any where else.

That I might do credit to his taste, I was to be most superbly brilliant; and Sir William desired to see my jewels. He objected to their manner of being set, though they were quite new-done when he married. But now these were detestable, horribly *outré*, and so barbarously antique, that I could only appear as Rembrandt's Wife, or some such relic of ancient history. As I had promised to be guided by him, I acquiesced in what I thought a very unnecessary expence; but was much laughed at, when I expressed my amazement at the jeweller's saying the setting would come to about two hundred pounds. This is well worth while for an evening's amusement, for they are now in such whimsical forms, that they will be scarce fit for any other purpose. And oh! my Louisa! do you not think I was cut to the soul when I had this painful reflection to make, that many honest and industrious tradesmen are every day dunning for their lawful demands, while we  
are

are thus throwing away hundreds after hundreds, without affording the least heartfelt satisfaction ?

Well, at last my dress was completed ; but what character I assumed I know not, unless I was the epitome of the folly of this world. I thought myself only an agent to support all the frippery and finery of *Tavistock-street* ; but, however, I received many compliments on the figure I made ; and some people of the first fashion pronounced me to be quite the thing. They say, one may believe the women when they praise one of their own sex ; and Miss Finch said, I had contrived to heighten and improve every charm with which Nature had endowed me. Sir William seemed to tread on air, to see and hear the commendations which were lavished on me from all sides. To a man of his taste, I am no more than any fashionable piece of furniture or new equipage ; or, what will come nearer our idea of things, a beautiful prospect, which a man fancies he shall never be tired of beholding, and therefore builds himself an house within

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within view of it ; by that time he is fixed, he hardly remembers what was his motive, nor ever feels any pleasure but in pointing out its various perfections to his guests ; his vanity is awhile gratified, but even that soon loses its *gout* ; and he wonders how others can be pleased with objects now grown familiar, and, consequently, indifferent to him. But I am running quite out of the course. Suppose me now dressed, and mingling with a fantastic groupe of all kinds of forms and figures, striving to disengage my eyes from the throng, to single out my Sylph. Our usual party was there ; Miss Finch, Lady Barton, a distant relation of her's, the Baron, Lord Biddulph, and some others ; but it was impossible to keep long together. Sometimes I found myself with one ; then they were gone, and I was *tête-à-tête* with somebody else ; for a good while I observed a mask, who looked like a fortune-teller, followed me about, particularly when the Baron and Miss Finch were with me. I thought I must say something, so I asked him if he would tell me my fortune. “ Go  
“ into

“ into the next room,” said he, in a whisper, “ and you shall see one more learned  
 “ in the occult science than you think ;  
 “ but I shall say no more while you are  
 “ surrounded with so many observers.”  
 Nothing is so easy as to get away from  
 your company in a crowd : I slipped from  
 them, and went into a room which was  
 nearly empty, and still followed by the  
 conjuror. I seated myself on a sofa, and  
 just turned my head round, when I per-  
 ceived the most elegant creature that ima-  
 gination can form placed by me. I start-  
 ed, half-breathless with surprize. “ Be not  
 “ alarmed, my Julia,” said the phantom,  
 (for such I at first thought it) “ be not  
 “ alarmed at the appearance of your  
 “ Sylph.” He took my hand in his, and,  
 pressing it gently, speaking all the while in  
 a soft kind of whisper, “ Does my amiable  
 “ charge repent her condescension in teach-  
 “ ing me to believe she would be pleased  
 “ to see her faithful adherent ?” I begged  
 him to attribute my tremor to the hurry  
 of spirits so new a scene excited, and, in  
 part, to the pleasure his presence afforded  
 me.

me. But, before I proceed, I will describe his dress: his figure in itself seems the most perfect I ever saw; the finest harmony of shape; a waistcoat and breeches of silver tissue, exactly fitted to his body; buskins of the same, fringed, &c.; a blue silk mantle depending from one shoulder, to which it was secured by a diamond epaulette, falling in beautiful folds upon the ground; this robe was starred all over with plated silver, which had a most brilliant effect; on each shoulder was placed a transparent wing of painted gauze, which looked like peacocks feathers; a cap, suitable to the whole dress, which was certainly the most elegant and best contrived that can be imagined. I gazed on him with the most perfect admiration. Ah! how I longed to see his face, which the envious mask concealed. His hair hung in sportive ringlets; and just carelessly restrained from wandering too far by a white ribband. In short, the most luxuriant fancy could hardly create a more captivating object. When my astonishment a little subsided, I found utterance. “How is it possible  
“ I should

“ I should be so great a favourite of fortune as to interest you in my welfare ?”  
 “ We have each our task allotted us,” he answered, “ from the beginning of the world, and it was my happy privilege to watch over your destiny.” “ I speak to you as a man,” said I, “ but you answer only as a Sylph.”

“ Believe me,” he replied, “ it is the safest character I can assume. I must divest myself of my feelings as a man, or I should be too much enamoured to be serviceable to you : I shut my eyes to the beauties of your person, which excite tumultuous raptures in the chastest bosom, and only allow myself the free contemplation of your interior perfections. There your virtue secures me, and renders my attachment as pure as your own pure breast. I could not, however, resist this opportunity of paying my personal *devoir* to you, and yet I feel too sensibly I shall be a sufferer from my indulgence ; but I will never forget that I am placed over you as your guardian-angel and protector, and  
 “ that

" that my sole business on earth is to se-  
 " cure you from the wiles and snares  
 " which are daily practised against youth  
 " and beauty. What does my excellent  
 " pupil say? Does she still cheerfully sub-  
 " mit herself to my guidance?" While he  
 spoke this, he had again taken my hand,  
 and pressed it with rapture to his bosom,  
 which, beating with violence, I own caused  
 no small emotion in mine. I gently with-  
 drew my hand, and said, with as composed  
 a voice as I could command, " Yes, my  
 " Sylph, I do most readily resign myself  
 " to your protection, and shall never feel  
 " a wish to put any restriction on it, while  
 " I am enabled to judge of you from your  
 " own criterion; while virtue presides over  
 " your lessons; while your instructions are  
 " calculated to make me a good and re-  
 " spectable character, I can form no wish to  
 " depart from them." He felt the deli-  
 cacy of the reproof, and, sighing, said,  
 " Let me never depart from that sacred  
 " character! Let me still remember I am  
 " your Sylph! But I believe I have before  
 " said, a time may come when you will  
 " no



“ no longer stand in need of my interpo-  
 “ sition. Shall I own to you, I sicken at  
 “ the idea of my being usefess to you ?”  
 “ The time can never arrive in which you  
 “ will not be serviceable to me, or, at  
 “ least, when I shall not be inclined to  
 “ ask and follow your advice.” “Amiable  
 “ Julia! may I venture to ask you this  
 “ question? If fate should ever put it in  
 “ your power to make a second choice,  
 “ would you consult your Sylph?” “Hear  
 “ me,” cried I, “ while I give you my  
 “ hand on it, and attest heaven to witness  
 “ my vow: that if I should have the fate  
 “ (which may that heaven avert!) to out-  
 “ live Sir William, I will abide by your  
 “ decision; neither my hand nor affections  
 “ shall be disposed of without your con-  
 “ currence. My obligations to you are  
 “ unbounded; my confidence in you shall  
 “ likewise be the same; I can make no  
 “ other return than to resign myself solely  
 “ to your guidance in that and every other  
 “ concern of moment to me.”

“ Are you aware of what you have said,  
 “ Lady Stanley ?”

“ It

“It is past recall,” I answered; “and  
 “if the vow could return again into my  
 “bosom, it should only be to issue thence  
 “more strongly ratified.”

“Oh!” cried he, clasping his hands  
 together, “Oh! thou merciful Father,  
 “make me but worthy of this amiable,  
 “and most excellent of all thy creatures’  
 “confidence! None but the most accurst  
 “of villains could abuse such goodness.  
 “The blameless purity and innocent sim-  
 “plicity of your heart would make a con-  
 “vert of a libertine.” “Alas!” said I,  
 “that, I fear, is impossible; but how in-  
 “finitely happy should I be, if my utmost  
 “efforts could work the least reformation  
 “in my husband! Could I but prevail on  
 “him to quit this destructive place, and  
 “retire into the peaceful country, I should  
 “esteem myself a fortunate woman.”

“And could you really quit these gay  
 “scenes, nor *cast one longing lingering look*  
 “*behind?*”

“Yes,” I replied with vivacity, “nor  
 “even cast a thought on what I had left  
 “behind!”

“Would

“ Would no one be remembered with  
 “ a tender regret ? Would your Sylph be  
 “ entirely forgotten ?”

“ My Sylph,” I answered, “ is possessed  
 “ of the power of omnipresence ; he would  
 “ still be with me, wherever I went.”

“ And would no other ever be thought  
 “ of ? You blush, Lady Stanley ; the face  
 “ is the needle which points to the polar-  
 “ star ; the heart ; from that information,  
 “ may I not conclude, some one, whom  
 “ you would leave behind, would mix  
 “ with your ideas in your retirement, and  
 “ that, even in solitude, you would not  
 “ be alone ?”

I felt my cheeks glow while he spoke ;  
 but, as I was a mask, I did not suppose the  
 Sylph could discover the emotion his dis-  
 course caused. “ Since,” said I in a faul-  
 tering voice, “ you are capable of reading  
 “ my heart, it is unnecessary to declare its  
 “ sentiments to you ; but it would be my  
 “ purpose, in retirement, to obliterate  
 “ every idea which might conduce to rob  
 “ my mind of peace ; I should endeavour  
 “ to reform as well as my husband ; and  
 “ if

“ if he would oblige me by such a compliance to my will, I should think I could do no less than seek to amuse him, and should, indeed, devote my whole time and study to that purpose.”

“ You may think I probe too deep : but is not your desire of retirement stronger, since you have conceived the idea of the Baron’s entertaining a *penchant* for Miss Finch, than it has been heretofore ?”

I sighed—“ Indeed you do probe very deep ; and the pain you cause is exquisite : but I know it is your friendly concern for me ; and it proves how needful it is to apply some remedy for the wound, the examination of which is so acute. Instruct me, ought I to wish him married ? Should I be happier if he was so ? And if he married Miss Finch, should I not be as much exposed to danger as at present, for his amiable qualities are more of the domestic kind ?”

“ I hardly know how to answer to these interrogatories ; nor am I a judge of the heart and inclinations of the Baron ;  
“ only

“ only thus much: if you have ever had  
 “ any cause to believe him impressed with  
 “ your idea, I cannot suppose it possible  
 “ for Miss Finch, or any other woman,  
 “ to obliterate that idea. But, *the heart*  
 “ *of man is deceitful above all things.* For  
 “ the sake of your interest, I wish Sir  
 “ William would adopt your plan, though,  
 “ I have my doubts that his affairs are  
 “ not in the power of any œconomy to  
 “ arrange; and this consideration urges  
 “ me to enforce what I have before ad-  
 “ vised, that you do not surrender up any  
 “ farther part of your jointure, as *that*  
 “ may, too soon, be your sole support;  
 “ and I have seen a recent proof of what  
 “ mean subterfuges some men are neces-  
 “ sitated to fly to, in order to extricate  
 “ themselves for a little time. But the  
 “ room fills; our conversation may be no-  
 “ ticed; and, in this age of dissipation  
 “ and licentiousness, to escape censure we  
 “ must not stray within the limits of im-  
 “ propriety. Your having been so long  
 “ *à-vis-à-vis* with any character will be ob-  
 “ served. Adieu therefore for the pre-  
 “ sent

“sent—see, Miss Finch is approaching.” I turned my eye towards the door—the Sylph rose—I did the same—he pressed my hand on his quitting it; I cast my eye round, but I saw him no more; how he escaped my view I know not. Miss Finch by this time bustled through the crowd, and asked me where I had been, and whether I had seen the Baron, whom she had dispatched to seek after me?

The Baron then coming up, rallied me for hiding myself from the party, and losing a share of merriment which had been occasioned by two whimsical masks making themselves very ridiculous to entertain the company. I assured them I had not quitted that place after I missed them in the great room; but, however, adding, that I had determined to wait there till some of the party joined me, as I had not courage to venture a *tour* of the rooms by myself. To be sure all this account was not strictly true; but I was obliged to make some excuse for my behaviour, which otherwise might have caused some suspicion. They willingly accom-

accompanied me through every room, but my eyes could no where fix on the object they were in search of, and therefore returned from their survey dissatisfied. I complained of fatigue, which was really true, for I had no pleasure in the hurry and confusion of the multitude, and it grew late. I shall frighten you, Louisa, by telling you the hour; but we did not go till twelve at night. I soon met with Sir William, and on my expressing an inclination to retire, to my great astonishment, instead of censuring, he commended my resolution, and hastened to the door to procure my carriage. When you proceed, my dear Louisa, you will wonder at my being able to pursue, in so methodical a manner, this little narrative; but I have taken some time to let my thoughts subside, that I might not anticipate any circumstance of an event that may be productive of very serious consequences. Well then, pleased as I was with Sir William's ready compliance with my request of returning, suppose me seated in my chair, and giving way to some hopes that he would yet see his errors, and

some method be pitched on to relieve all. He was ready to hand me out of the chair, and led me up stairs into my dressing-room. I had taken off my mask, as it was very warm; he still kept his on, and talked in the same kind of voice he practised at the masquerade. He paid me most profuse compliments on the beauty of my dress, and, throwing his arms round my waist, congratulated himself on possessing such an angel, at the same time kissing my face and bosom with such a strange kind of eagerness as made me suppose he was intoxicated; and, under that idea, being very desirous of disengaging myself from his arms, I struggled to get away from him. He pressed me to go to bed; and, in short, his behaviour was unaccountable: at last, on my persisting to intreat him to let me go, he blew out one of the candles. I then used all my force, and burst from him, and at that instant his mask gave way; and in the dress of my husband, (Oh, Louisa! judge, if you can, of my terror) I beheld that villain Lord Biddulph.

“ Curse



“Curse on my folly!” cried he, “that I could not restrain my raptures till I had you secure.”

“Thou most insolent of wretches!” said I, throwing the most contemptuous looks at him, “how dared you assume the dress of my husband, to treat me with such indignity?” While I spoke, I rang the bell with some violence.

He attempted to make some apology for his indiscretion, urging the force of his passion, the power of my charms, and such stuff.

I stopped him short, by telling him, the only apology I should accept would be his instantly quitting the house, and never insulting me again with his presence. With a most malignant sneer on his countenance, he said, “I might indeed have supposed my caresses were disagreeable, when offered under the character of an husband; I had been more blest, at least better received, had I worn the dress of the Baron. All men, Lady Stanley, are not so blind as Sir William.” I felt myself

ready to expire with confusion and anger at his base insinuation.

“Your hint,” said I, “is as void of truth as you are of honour; I despise both equally; but would advise you to be cautious how you dare traduce characters so opposite to your own.”

By this time a servant came in; and the hateful wretch walked off, insolently wishing me a good repose, and humming an Italian air, though it was visible what chagrin was painted on his face. Preston came into the room, to assist me in undressing:—she is by no means a favourite of mine; and, as I was extremely fatigued and unable to sit up, I did not chuse to leave my door open till Sir William came home, nor did I care to trust her with the key. I asked for Winifred. She told me, she had been in bed some hours. “Let her be called then,” said I. “Can’t I do what your ladyship wants?”

“No; I chuse to have Win sit with me.” “I will attend your ladyship, if you please.”

“It

“ It would give me more pleasure if  
 “ you would obey, than dispute my or-  
 “ ders.” I was vexed to the soul, and  
 spoke with a peevishness unusual to me.  
 She went out of the room, muttering to  
 herself. I locked the door, terrified lest  
 that monster had concealed himself some-  
 where in the house ; nor would I open it  
 till I heard Win speak. Poor girl ! she  
 got up with all the cheerfulness in the  
 world, and sat by my bed-side till morn-  
 ing. Sir William not returning the whole  
 night. My fatigue, and the perturbation  
 of mind I laboured under, together with  
 the total deprivation of sleep, contributed  
 to make me extremely ill. But how shall  
 I describe to you, my dear Louisa, the  
 horror which the reflection of this adven-  
 ture excited in me ?

Though I had, by the mercy of hea-  
 ven, escaped the danger, yet the appre-  
 hension it left on my mind is not to be  
 told ; and then the tacit aspersion which  
 the base wretch threw on my character,  
 by daring to say, he had been more *wel-*  
*come* under another appearance, struck  
 so forcibly on my heart, that I thought

I should expire, from the fears of his traducing my fame; for what might I not expect from such a consummate villain, who had so recently proved to what enormous lengths he could go to accomplish his purposes? The blessing of having frustrated his evil design could hardly calm my terrors; I thought I heard him each moment, and the agitation of my mind operated so violently on my frame, that my bed actually shook under me. Win suffered extremely from her fears of my being dangerously ill, and wanted to have my leave to send for a physician: but I too well knew it was not in the power of medicine to administer relief to my feelings; and, after telling her I was much better, begged her not to quit my room at any rate.

About eleven I rose, so weak and dispirited, that I could hardly support myself. Soon after, I heard Sir William's voice; I had scarce strength left to speak to him; he looked pale and forlorn. I had had a conflict within myself, whether I should relate the behaviour of Lord Biddulph to my husband, till the  
con-

consequences should be fatal ; but my spirits were so totally exhausted, that I could not articulate a sentence without tears. “ What is the matter, Julia, with you,” said he, taking my hand ; “ you seem fatigued to death. What a poor rake you are !”

“ I have had something more than *fatigue* to discompose me,” answered I, sobbing ; “ and I think I have some reproaches to make you, for not attending me home as you promised.”

“ Why Lord Biddulph promised to see you home. I saw him afterwards ; and he told me, he left you at your own house.”

“ Lord Biddulph !” said I, with the most scornful air ; “ and did he tell you likewise of the insolence of his behaviour ? Perhaps he promised you too, that he would insult me in my own house.”

“ Hey-day, Julia ! what’s in the wind now ? Lord Biddulph insult you ! pray let me into the whole of this affair ?”

I then related the particulars of his impudent conduct, and what I conceived

his design to be, together with the repulse I had given him.

Sir William seemed extremely *chagrined*; and said, he should talk in a ferocious manner on the occasion to Lord Biddulph; and, if his answers were not satisfactory, he should lie under the necessity of calling him to account in the field. Terrified lest death should be the consequence of a quarrel between this infamous Lord and my husband, I conjured Sir William not to take any notice of the affair, any otherwise than to give up his acquaintance; a circumstance much wished for by me, as I have great reason to believe, Sir William's passion for play was excited by his intimacy with him; and, perhaps, may have led him to all the enormities he has too readily, and too rapidly, plunged himself into. He made no scruple to assure me, that he should find no difficulty in relinquishing the acquaintance; and joined with me, that a silent contempt would be the most cutting reproof to a man of his cast. On my part, I am resolved my doors shall never grant him access again; and,  
if

if Sir William should entirely break with him (which, after this atrocious behaviour, I think he must), I may be very happy that I have been the instrument, since I have had such an escape.

But still, Louisa, the innuendo of Lord Biddulph disturbs my peace. How shall I quiet my apprehensions? Does he dare scrutinize my conduct, and harbour suspicions of my predilection for a certain unfortunate? Base as is his soul, he cannot entertain an idea of the purity of a virtuous attachment! Ah! that speech of his has sunk deep in my memory; no time will efface it. When I have been struggling too—yes, Louisa, when I have been combating this fatal—But what am I doing? Why do I use these interdicted expressions? I have done. Alas! what is become of my boasting? If I cannot prescribe rules to a pen, which I can, in one moment, throw into the fire; how shall I restrain the secret murmurings of my mind, whose thoughts I can with difficulty silence, or even control? Adieu! yours,  
more than her own,

JULIA STANLEY.

## LETTER XXXV.

To Miss GRENVILLE.

**A**LAS! Louisa, fresh difficulties arise every day; and every day I find an exertion of my spirits more necessary, and myself less able to exert them. Sir William told me this morning, that he had lost frequent sums to Lord Biddulph (it wounds my soul to write his detested name); and since it was prudent to give up the acquaintance, it became highly incumbent on him to discharge these play-debts, for which purpose he must have recourse to me, and apprehended he should find no difficulty, as I had expressed my wish of his breaking immediately with his lordship. This was only the prelude to a proposal of my resignation of my marriage articles. My ready compliance with his former demands emboldened him to be urgent with me on this occasion. At first, I made some scruples, alledging the necessity there was of keeping something by us for a future day, as I had too much reason

son.



son to apprehend, that what I could call my own would be all we should have to support us. This remonstrance of mine, however just, threw Sir William into a rage; he paced about the room like a madman; swore that his difficulties proceeded from my damned prudery; and that I should extricate him, or abide by the consequences. In short, Louisa, he appeared in a light entirely new to me; I was almost petrified with terror, and absolutely thought once he would beat me, for he came up to me with such fierce looks, and seized me by the arm, which he actually bruised with his grasp, and bade me, at my peril, refuse to surrender the writings to him. After giving me a violent shake, he pushed me from him with such force that I fell down, unable to support myself, from the trembling with which my whole frame was possessed.

“Don’t think to practise any of the  
“curled arts of your sex upon me; don’t  
“pretend to throw yourself into fits.”

“I scorn your imputation, Sir Wil-  
“liam,” said I, half fainting and breath-

less, "nor shall I make any resistance or  
 "opposition to your leaving me a beggar.  
 "I have now reason to believe I shall not  
 "live to want what you are determined to  
 "force from me, as these violent me-  
 "thods will soon deprive me of my exist-  
 "ence, even if *you* would withhold the  
 "murderous knife."

"Come, none of your damned whin-  
 "ing; let me have the papers; and let  
 "us not think any more about it." He  
 offered to raise me. "I want not your  
 "assistance," said I. "Oh! you are sulky,  
 "are you; but I shall let you know, Ma-  
 "dam, these airs will not do with me."  
 I had seated myself on a chair, and leaned  
 my elbow on a table, supporting my head  
 with my hand; he snatched my hand  
 away from my face, while he was making  
 the last speech. "What the devil! am  
 "I to wait all day for the papers? Where  
 "are the keys?" "Take them," said I,  
 drawing them from my pocket; "do  
 "what you will, provided you leave me  
 "to myself." "Damned sex!" cried he.  
 "Wives or mistresses, by Heaven! you  
 "are

“are all alike.” So saying, he went out of the room, and, opening my bureau, possessed himself of the parchment so much desired by him. I have not seen him since, and now it is past eleven. What a fate is mine! However, I have no more to give up; so he cannot storm at, or threaten me again, since I am now a beggar as well as himself. I shall sit about an hour longer, and then I shall fasten my door for the night; and I hope he will not insist on my opening it for him. I make Win lie in a little bed in a closet within my room. She is the only domestic I can place the least confidence in. She sees my eyes red with weeping; she sheds tears, but asks no questions. Farewell, my dearest Louisa: pity the sufferings of thy sister, who feels every woe augmented by the grief she causes in your sympathizing breast.

Adieu! Adieu!

J. S.

## LETTER XXXVI.

From the SYLPH.

I FIND my admonitions have failed, and my Julia has relinquished all her future dependance. Did you not promise an implicit obedience to my advice? How comes it then, that your husband triumphs in having the power of still visiting the gaming-tables, and betting with the utmost *eclat*? Settlements, as the late Lord Hardwicke used to say, are the foolishest bonds in nature, since there never yet was a woman who might not be kissed or kicked out of it: which of those methods Sir William has adopted, I know not; but it is plain it was a successful one. I pity you, my Julia; I grieve for you; and much fear, now Sir William has lost all restraint, he will lose the appearance of it likewise. What resource will he pursue next? Be on your guard, my most amiable friend; my foresight deceives me, or your danger is great. For when a man can once lose his humanity, so far as to  
deprive

deprive his wife of the means of subsisting herself, I much, very much fear he will so effectually lose his honour likewise, as to make a property of her's. May I judge too severely! May Sir William be an exception to my rule! And oh! may you, the fairest work of Heaven, be equally its care!

Adieu!

L E T T E R XXXVII.

To the SYLPH.

**A**LAS! I look for comfort when I open my kind Sylph's letters; yet in this before me you only point out the shoals and quickfands—but hold not out your sustaining hand, to guide me through the devious path. I have disobeyed your behest; but you know not how I have been urged, and my pained soul cannot support the repetition. I will ever be implicit in my obedience to you, as far as I am concerned only; as to this particular point, you would not have had me disobeyed

beyed my husband, I am sure. Indeed I could do no other than I did. If he should make an ill use of the sums raised, I am not answerable for it; but, if he had been driven to any fatal exigence through my refusal, my wretchedness would have been more exquisite than it now is, which I think would have exceeded what I could have supported. Something is in agitation now; but what I am totally a stranger to. I have just heard from one of my servants, that Mr. Stanley, an uncle of Sir William's, is expected in town. Would to Heaven he may have the will and power to extricate us! but I hear he is of a most morose temper, and was never on good terms with his nephew. The dangers you hint at, I hope, and pray without ceasing to Heaven, to be delivered from. Oh! that Sir William would permit me to return to my dear father and sister! in their kind embraces I should lose the remembrance of the tempests I have undergone; like the poor shipwrecked mariner, I should hail the friendly port, and never, never trust the deceitful  
ocean

ocean more. But ah! how fruitless this wish! Here I am doomed to stay, a wretch undone.

Adieu!

LETTER XXXVIII.

To Miss GRENVILLE.

THE Baron called here this morning. Don't be angry with me, my dearest Louisa, for mentioning *his* name, this will indeed be the last time. Never more will thy sister behold him. He is gone; yes, Louisa, I shall never see him again. But will his looks, his sighs, and tears, be forgotten? Oh! never, never! He came to bid me adieu, "Could I but leave you happy," he cried in scarce articulate accents—"Was I but blest with the remote hope of your having your merit rewarded in this world, I should quit you with less regret and anguish. Oh! Lady Stanley! best of women! I mean not to lay claim to your gratitude; far be such an idea from my soul! out  
" for

“ you, my friend, regain your peace and  
“ happiness in your native country !”

“ My native country !” exclaimed he,  
“ What is my native country, what the  
“ whole globe itself, to that spot which  
“ contains all ? But I will say no more.  
“ I dare not trust myself, I must not.  
“ Oh Julia ! forgive me ! Adieu, for  
“ ever !” I had no voice to detain him ;  
I suffered him to quit the room, and my  
eyes lost sight of him—for ever !

I remained with my eyes stupidly fixed  
on the door. Oh ! Louisa, dare I tell  
you ? my soul seemed to follow him ; and  
all my sufferings have been trivial to this.  
To be esteemed by him, to be worthy his  
regard, and read his approbation in his  
speaking eyes ; this was my support, this  
sustained me, nor suffered my feet to  
strike against a stone in this disfigured  
path of destruction. He was my polar  
star. But he is gone, and knows not how  
much I loved him. I knew it not my-  
self ; else how could I promise never to  
speak, never to think of him again ?  
But whence these wild expressions ? Oh !  
pardon



pardon the effusions of phrenetic fancy.  
I know not what I have said. I am lost,  
lost!

J. S.

LETTER XXXIX.

To Colonel MONTAGUE.

CONGRATULATE me, my dear Jack, on having beat the Baron out of the pit. He is off, my boy! and now I may play a safer game; for, between ourselves, I have as much inclination to sleep in a whole skin, as somebody else you and I know of. I have really been more successful than I could have flattered myself I should be; but the devil still stands my friend, which is but grateful to be sure, as the devil is in it if one good turn does not deserve another; and I have helped his sable divinity to many a good job in my day. The summit of my wishes was to remove this troublesome fellow; but he has taken himself clean out of the kingdom, left the fame of his  
Dulcinea

Dulcinea should suffer in the *Morning Post*. He, if any man could, would not scruple drubbing that *Hydra* of scandal; but then the stain would still remain where the blot had been made. I think you will be glad that he is punished at any rate for his impertinent interference in your late affair with the recruit's sweetheart. These delicate minds are ever contriving their own misery; and, from their exquisite sensibility, find out the method of refining on torture. Thus, in a fit of heroics, he has banished himself from the only woman he loves; and who in a short time, unless my ammunition fails, or my mine springs, too soon he might have a chance of being happy with, was he cast in mortal mould.—But I take it, he is one of that sort which Madame Sevigné calls “a pumkin fried in snow,” or engendered between a Lapland sailor and a mermaid on the icy plains of Greenland. Even the charms of Julia can but just warm him. He does not burn like me. The consuming fire of Etna riots not in his veins, or he would have lost  
all

all consideration, but that of the completion of his wishes. Mine have become ten times more eager from the resistance I have met with. Fool that I was! not to be able to keep a rein over my transports, till I had extinguished the lights! but to see her before me, my pulse beating with tumultuous passion, and my villainous fancy anticipating the tempting scene, all conspired to give such spirit to my careffes, as ill suited with the character I assumed of an indifferent husband. Like *Calista* of old, she soon discovered the God under the semblance of Diana. Heavens! how she fired up, and like the leopard, appeared more beauteous when heightened by anger? But in vain, my pretty trembler, in vain you struggle in the toils; thy price is paid, and thou wilt soon be mine. Stanley has lost every thing to me but his property in his wife's person; and though perhaps he may make a few wry faces, he must digest that bitter pill. He has obliged her to give up all her jointure, so she has now no dependance. What  
 a fool

a fool he is! but he has ever been so; the most palpable cheat passes on him; and though he is morally certain, that to *play* and to *lose* is one and the same thing, yet nothing can cure his cursed itch of gaming. Notwithstanding all the *remonstrances* I have made, and the *dissuasives* I have daily used, he is bent upon his own destruction; and, since that is plainly the case, why may not I, and a few clever fellows like myself, take advantage of his egregious folly?

It was but yesterday I met him. "I am most consumedly in the flat key, Biddulph," said he; "I know not what to do with myself. For God's sake! let us have a little touch at billiards, picquet, or something, to drive the devil melancholy out of my citadel (touching his bosom), for, by my soul, I believe I shall make away with myself, if left to my own agreeable meditations." As usual, I advised him to reflect how much luck had run against him, and begged him to be cautious; that I positively had no pleasure

pleasure in playing with one who never turned a game; that I should look out for some one who understood billiards well enough to be my conqueror. "What the devil!" cried he, "you think me a novice; come, come, I will convince you, to your sorrow, I know something of the game; I'll bet you five hundred, Biddulph, that I pocket your ball in five minutes."

"You can't beat me," said I, "and I will give you three."

"I'll be damned if I accept three; no, no, let us play on the square." So to it we went; and as usual it ended. The more he loses, the more impetuous and eager he is to play.

There will be a confounded bustle soon; his uncle, old Stanley, is coming up to town. In disposing of his wife's jointure, part of which was connected with an estate of Squaretoes, the affair has consequently reached his ears, and he is all fury upon the occasion. I believe there has been a little chicanery practised between Sir William and his lawyer, which

will prove but an ugly business. However, thanks to my foresight in these matters, I am out of the scrape; but I can see the Baronet is cursedly off the hooks, from the idea of its transpiring, and had rather see the Devil than the Don. He has burnt his fingers, and smarts till he roars again. Adieu! dear Jack:

Remember thy old friend,  
BIDDULPH.

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## L E T T E R XL.

To Miss GRENVILLE.

**M**Y storm of grief is now a little appeased; and I think I ought to apologize to my dearest Louisa, for making her so free a participator of my phrenzy; yet I doubt not of your forgiveness on this, as well as many occasions, reflecting with the liveliest gratitude on the extreme tenderness you have ever shewn me.

The morning after I had written that incoherent letter to you, Miss Finch paid me a visit. She took no notice of the dejection

dejection of my countenance, which I am convinced was but too visible; but, putting on a chearful air, though I thought she too looked melancholy when she first came in, “ I am come to tell you, my “ dear Lady Stanley,” said she, “ that “ you must go to Lady D—’s route this “ evening; you know you are engaged, “ and I design you for my *chaperon*.” “ Excuse me, my dear,” returned I, “ I “ cannot think of going thither, and was “ just going to send a card to that pur- “ pose.”

“ Lady Stanley,” she replied, “ you “ must go indeed. I have a very particu- “ lar reason for urging you to make your “ appearance there.” “ And I have as “ particular a reason,” said I, turning away my head to conceal a tear that would un- bidden start in my eye, “ to prevent my “ going there or any where else at present.”

Her eyes were moistened; when, taking my hand in her’s, and looking up in my face with the utmost friendliness, “ My “ amiable Lady Stanley, it grieves my “ soul, to think any of the licentious

“ wretches in this town should dare af-  
 “ perfe such excellence as your’s; but that  
 “ infamous creature, Lady Anne, said last  
 “ night, in the coffee-room at the opera,  
 “ that she had heard Lady Stanley took  
 “ to heart (was her expression) the separ-  
 “ ture of Baron Ton-hausen; and that she  
 “ and Miss Finch had quarrelled about  
 “ their gallant. Believe me, I could  
 “ sooner have lost the power of speech,  
 “ than have communicated so disagree-  
 “ able a piece of intelligence to you, but  
 “ that I think it highly incumbent on  
 “ you, by appearing with cheerfulness in  
 “ public with me, to frustrate the male-  
 “ volence of that spiteful woman as  
 “ much as we both can.”

“ What have I done to that vile wo-  
 “ man?” said I, giving a loose to my  
 tears; “ In what have I injured her,  
 “ that she should thus seek to blacken my  
 “ fame?”

“ Dared to be virtuous, while she is  
 “ infamous,” answered Miss Finch; —  
 “ but, however, my dear Lady Stanley,  
 “ you perceive the necessity of contradict-  
 “ ing



“ing her assertion of our having quar-  
 “relled on any account; and nothing can  
 “so effectually do it as our appearing to-  
 “gether in good spirits.”

“Mine,” cried I, “are broken en-  
 “tirely. I have no wish to wear the  
 “semblance of pleasure, while my heart  
 “is bowed down with woe.”

“But we must do disagreeable things  
 “sometimes to keep up appearances.  
 “That vile woman, as you justly call her,  
 “would be happy to have it in her power  
 “to spread her calumny; we may in part  
 “prevent it: besides, I promised the Ba-  
 “ron I would not let you sit moping at  
 “home, but draw you out into company,  
 “at the same time giving you as much of  
 “mine as I could, and as I found agree-  
 “able to you.”

“I beg you to be assured, my dear,  
 “that the company of no one can be  
 “more so than your’s. And, as I have  
 “no doubts of your sincere wish for my  
 “welfare, I will readily submit myself to  
 “your discretion. But how shall I be  
 “able to confront that infamous Lady

“ Anne, who will most probably be  
“ there ?” “ Never mind her ; let consci-  
“ ous merit support you. Reflect on your  
“ own worth, nor cast one thought on such  
“ a wretch. I will dine with you ; and in  
“ the evening we will prepare for this  
“ visit.”

I made no enquiry why the Baron recommended me so strongly to Miss Finch. I thought such enquiry might lead us farther than was prudent ; besides, I knew Miss Finch had a *tendre* for him, and therefore, through the course of the day, I never mentioned his name. Miss Finch was equally delicate as myself ; our discourse then naturally fell on indifferent subjects ; and I found I grew towards the evening much more composed than I had been for some time. The party was large ; but, to avoid conversation as much as possible, I sat down to a quadrille-table with Miss Finch ; and, encouraged by her looks and smiles, which I believe the good girl forced into her countenance to give me spirits, I got through the evening tolerably well. The next morning, I walked with my  
friend

friend into the Park. I never dine out, as I would wish always to be at home at meal-times, lest Sir William should chuse to give me his company, but that is very seldom the case; and as to the evenings, I never see him, as he does not come home till three or four in the morning, and often stays out the whole night. We have of course separate apartments. Adieu, my beloved! Would to God I could fly into your arms, and there forget my sorrows!

Your's, most affectionately,

J. S.

## LETTER . XLI.

To Lord BIDDULPH.

**F**OR Heaven's sake, my dear Lord, let me see you instantly; or on second thoughts (though I am too much perplexed to be able to arrange them properly) I will lay before you the accursed difficulties with which I am surrounded, and then I shall beg the favour of you to

go to Sir George Brudenel, and see what you can do with him. Sure the devil owes me some heavy grudge; every thing goes against me. Old Stanley has rubbed through a damned fit of the gout. Oh! that I could kill him with a wish! I then should be a free man again.

You see I make no scruple of applying to you, relying firmly on your professions of friendship; and assure yourself I shall be most happy in subscribing to any terms that you may propose for your own security; for fourteen thousand six hundred pounds I must have by Friday, if I pawn my soul twenty times for the sum. If you don't assist me, I have but one other method (you understand me), though I should be unwilling to be driven to such a procedure. But I am (except my hopes in you) all despair.

Adieu!

W. STANLEY.

L E T.

L E T T E R XLII.

Enclosed in the foregoing.

To Sir WILLIAM STANLEY.

Sir,

**I** AM extremely concerned, and as equally surprized, to find by my lawyer, that the Pemberton estate was not your's to dispose of. He tells me it is, after the death of your wife, the sole property of your uncle; Mr. Dawson (who is Mr. Stanley's lawyer) having clearly proved it to him by the deeds, which he swears he is possessed of. How then, Sir William, am I to reconcile this intelligence with the transactions between us? I have paid into your hands the sum of fourteen thousand six hundred pounds; and (I am sorry to write so harshly) have received a forged deed of conveyance. Mr. Dawson has assured Stevens, my lawyer, that his client never signed that conveyance. I should be very unwilling to bring you, or any gentleman, into such a dilemma; but you may suppose I

should be as sorry to lose such a sum for nothing; nor, indeed, could I consent to injure my heirs by such a negligence. I hope it will suit you to replace the above sum in the hands of my banker, and I will not hesitate to conceal the writings now in my possession; but the money must be paid by Friday next. You will reflect on this maturely, as you must know in what a predicament you at present stand, and what must be the consequence of such an affair coming under the cognizance of the law.

I remain, Sir,

Your humble servant,

GEORGE BRUDENEL.

## LETTER XLIII.

To Miss GRENVILLE.

**I** WRITE to you, my dearest Louisa, under the greatest agitation of spirits; and know no other method of quieting them, than communicating my griefs to you. But alas! how can you remedy the evils

evils of which I complain? or how shall I describe them to you? How many times I have repeated, *how hard is my fate!* Yes, Louisa! and I must still repeat the same. In short, what have I to trust to? I see nothing before me but the effects of deep despair. I tremble at every sound, and every footstep seems to be the harbinger of some disaster.

Sir William breakfasted with me this morning, the first time these three weeks, I believe. A letter was brought him. He changed countenance on the perusal of it; and, starting up, traversed the room in great disorder. "Any ill news, Sir William?" I asked. He heeded me not, but rang the bell with violence. "Get the chariot ready directly—No, give me my hat and sword." Before they could be brought, he again changed his mind. He would then write a note. He took the standish, folded some paper, wrote, blotted, and tore many sheets, bit his lips, struck his forehead, and acted a thousand extravagances. I could contain

myself no longer. "Whatever may be the consequence of your anger, Sir William," said I, "I must insist on knowing what sudden turn of affairs has occasioned this present distress. For Heaven's sake! do not refuse to communicate your trouble. I cannot support the agony your agitation has thrown me into."

"And you would be less able to support it, were I to communicate it."

"If you have any pity for me," cried I, rising, and going up to him, "I conjure you by that pity to disclose the cause of your disorder. Were I certain of being unable to bear the shock, yet I would meet it with calmness, rather than be thus kept in the most dreadful suspense."

"Suffice it then," cried he, throwing out his arm, "I am ruined for ever."

"Ruined!" I repeated with a faint voice.

"Yes!" he answered, starting on his feet, and muttering curses between his teeth. Then, after a fearful pause, "There  
" is



“ is but one way, but one way to escape  
 “ this impending evil.”

“ Oh !” cried I, “ may you fall on the  
 “ right way ! but, perhaps, things may  
 “ not be so bad as you apprehend ; you  
 “ know I have valuable jewels ; let me  
 “ fetch them for you ; the sale of them  
 “ will produce a great deal of money.”

“ Jewels ! O God ! they are gone, you  
 “ have no jewels.”

“ Indeed, my dear Sir William,” I re-  
 plied, shocked to death at seeing the de-  
 plorable way he was in ; and fearing, from  
 his saying they were gone, that his head  
 was hurt — “ Indeed, my dear Sir Wil-  
 “ liam, I have them in my own cabinet,”  
 and immediately fetched them to him.  
 He snatched them out of my hand, and,  
 dashing them on the floor, “ Why do  
 “ you bring me these damned baubles ;  
 “ your diamonds are gone ; these are only  
 “ paste.”

“ What do you mean ?” I cried, all  
 astonishment, “ I am sure they are such  
 “ as I received them from you.”

“ I know

“ I know it very well ; but I sold them  
 “ when you thought them new-set ; and  
 “ now I am more pushed than ever.”

“ They were your’s, Sir William,” said  
 I, stifling my resentment, as I thought he  
 was now sufficiently punished, “ you had  
 “ therefore a right to dispose of them  
 “ whenever you chose ; and, had you  
 “ made me the *confidant* of your inten-  
 “ tion, I should not have opposed it ; I  
 “ am only sorry you should have been so  
 “ distressed as to have yielded to such a  
 “ necessity, for though my confidence in  
 “ you, and my ignorance in jewels, might  
 “ prevent *my* knowing them to be coun-  
 “ terfeits, yet, no doubt, every body who  
 “ has seen me in them must have disco-  
 “ vered their fallacy. How contemptible  
 “ then have you made us appear !”

“ Oh ! for God’s sake, let me hear no  
 “ more about them ; let them all go to  
 “ the devil ; I have things of more con-  
 “ sequence to attend to.” At this moment  
 a Mr. Brooksbank was announced. “ By  
 “ heaven,” cried Sir William, “ we are  
 “ all undone ! Brooksbank ! blown to the  
 “ devil !

“ devil ! Lady Stanley, you may retire  
 “ to your own room ; I have some busi-  
 “ nefs of a private nature with this gen-  
 “ tleman.”

I obeyed, leaving my husband with this *gentleman*, whom I think the worst-look-  
 ing fellow I ever saw in my life, and re-  
 tired to my own apartment to give vent  
 to the sorrow which flowed in on every  
 side. “ Oh ! good God !” I cried, burst-  
 ing into floods of tears, “ what a change  
 “ eighteen months has made ! A princely  
 “ fortune dissipated, and a man of honour,  
 “ at least one who appeared as such, re-  
 “ duced to the poor subterfuge of stealing  
 “ his wife’s jewels, to pay gaming debts,  
 “ and support kept mistresses !” These  
 were my sad and solitary reflections. What  
 a wretched hand has he made of it ! and  
 how deplorable is my situation ! Alas ! to  
 what resource can he next fly ? What is to  
 become of us ! I have no claim to any  
 farther bounty from my own family : like  
 the prodigal son, I have received my por-  
 tion ; and although I have not been the  
 squanderer, yet it is all gone, and I may  
 be

be reduced to feed on the husks of acorns; at least, I am sure I eat bitter herbs. Surely, I am visited with these calamities for the sins of my grandfather! May they soon be expiated!

\* \* \* \*

That wretch Lord Biddulph has been here, and, after some conversation, he has taken Sir William out in his chariot. Thank heaven, I saw him not; but Win brought me this intelligence. I would send for Miss Finch, to afford me a little consolation; but she is confined at home by a feverish complaint. I cannot think of going out while things are in this state; so I literally seem a prisoner in my own house. Oh! that I had never, never seen it! Adieu! Adieu!

J. S.

## LETTER XLIV.

To Col. MONTAGUE.

I Acquainted you, some time since, of Stanley's affairs being quite *dérangé*, and that he had practised an unsuccessful

*manœuvre*

*manœuvre* on Brudenel. A pretty piece of business he has made of it, and his worship stands a fair chance of swinging for forgery, unless I contribute my assistance to extricate him, by enabling him to replace the money. As to raising any in the ordinary way, it is not in his power, as all his estates are settled on old Stanley, he (Sir William) having no children; and he is inexorable. There may be something to be said in the old fellow's favour too; he has advanced thousand after thousand, till he is tired out, for giving him money is really only throwing water into a sieve.

In consequence of a hasty letter written by the Baronet, begging me to use all my interest with Brudenel, I thought it the better way to wait on Stanley myself, and talk the affair over with him, and, as he had promised to subscribe to any terms for my security, to make these terms most pleasing to myself. Besides, I confess, I was unwilling to meet Sir George about such a black piece of business, not chusing likewise to subject myself to the censures of that puritanic mortal,

mortal, for having drawn Stanley into a love of play. I found Sir William under the greatest disorder of spirits; Brooksbank was with him; that fellow carries his conscience in his face; he is the portrait of villainy and turpitude. "For God's sake! my lord," cried Sir William (this you know being his usual exclamation), "what is to be done in this cursed affair? All my hopes are fixed on the assistance you have promised me."

"Why, faith, Sir William," I answered, "it is, as you say, a most cursed unlucky affair. I think Brooksbank has not acted with his accustomed caution. As to what assistance I can afford you, you may firmly rely on, but I had a confounded tumble last night after you left us; by the bye, you was out of luck in absenting yourself; there was a great deal done; I lost upwards of seventeen thousand to the young *Cub* in less than an hour, and nine to the Count; so that I am a little out of elbows, which happens very unfortunate at this critical time."

"Then

“ Then I am ruined for ever !” “ No,  
 “ no, not so bad neither, I dare say.  
 “ What say you to Lady Stanley’s dia-  
 “ monds, they are valuable.”

“ O Christ ! they are gone long ago.  
 “ I told her, I thought they wanted new-  
 “ setting, and supplied her with paste,  
 “ which she knew nothing of till this  
 “ morning, that she offered them to me.”

(All this I knew very well, for D——  
 the jeweller told me so, but I did not  
 chuse to inform his worship so much.)

“ You have a large quantity of plate.”  
 “ All melted, my lord, but one service,  
 “ and that I have borrowed money on.”  
 “ Well, I have something more to of-  
 “ fer ; but, if you please, we will dismiss  
 “ Mr. Brooksbank. I dare say he has  
 “ other business.” He took the hint, and  
 left us to ourselves.

When we were alone, I drew my chair  
 close to him ; he was leaning his head  
 on his hand, which rested on the table, in  
 a most melancholy posture. “ Stanley,”  
 said I, “ what I am now going to say is  
 “ a matter entirely between ourselves.  
 “ You are no stranger to the passion I  
 “ have

“ have long entertained for your wife,  
 “ and from your shewing no resentment  
 “ for what I termed a frolic on the night  
 “ of the masquerade, I have reason to  
 “ believe, you will not be mortally of-  
 “ fended at this my open avowal of my  
 “ attachment. Hear me” (for he changed  
 “ his position, and seemed going to  
 “ speak): “ I adore Lady Stanley; I have  
 “ repeatedly assured her of the violence  
 “ of my flame, but have ever met with  
 “ the utmost coldness on her side; let  
 “ me, however, have your permission, I  
 “ will yet insure myself success.” “ What,  
 “ Biddulph! consent to my own disho-  
 “ nour! What do you take me for?”  
 “ What do I take you for?” cried I, with  
 a smile, in which I infused a proper de-  
 gree of contempt. “ What will Sir  
 “ George Brudenel take you for, you  
 “ mean.” “ Curses, everlasting curses,  
 “ blast me for my damned love of play!  
 “ that has been my bane.” “ And I  
 “ offer you your cure.”  
 “ The remedy is worse than the dis-  
 “ ease.”

“ Then



“ Then submit to the disease, and sink  
 “ under it. Sir William, your humble  
 “ servant,” cried I, rising as if to go.

“ Biddulph, my dear Biddulph,” cried  
 he, catching my hand, and grasping it  
 with dying energy, “ what are you about  
 “ to do? You surely will not leave me in  
 “ this damned exigency? Think of my  
 “ situation! I have parted with every  
 “ means of raising more money, and  
 “ eternal infamy will be the consequence  
 “ of this last cursed subterfuge of mine  
 “ transpiring. Oh, my God! how sunk  
 “ am I! And will you not hold out your  
 “ friendly arm?”

“ I have already offered you propo-  
 “ sals,” I replied with an affected cold-  
 ness, “ which you do not think proper  
 “ to accede to.”

“ Would you consign me to everlasting  
 “ perdition?”

“ Will you make no sacrifice to extri-  
 “ cate yourself?”

“ Yes; my life.”

“ What, at Tyburn?”

“ Dam—n on the thought! Oh!

“ Biddulph,

“ Biddulph, are there no other means ?  
“ Reflect — the honour of my injured  
“ wife ! ” “ Will not *that* suffer by your  
“ undergoing an ignominious death ? ”

“ Ah ! why do you thus stretch my  
“ heart-strings ? Julia is virtuous, and  
“ deserves a better fate than she has met  
“ with in me. What a wretch must that  
“ man be, who will consign his wife to  
“ infamy ! No ; sunk, lost, and ruined as  
“ I am, I cannot yield to such baseness ;  
“ I should be doubly damned.”

“ You know your own conscience best ;  
“ and how much it will bear ; I did not  
“ use to think you so scrupulous ; what  
“ I offer is as much for your advantage  
“ as my own ; nay, faith, for your ad-  
“ vantage solely, as I may have a very  
“ good chance of succeeding with her bye  
“ and bye, when you can reap no benefit  
“ from it. All I ask of you is, your per-  
“ mission to give you an opportunity  
“ of suing for a divorce. Lay your da-  
“ mages as high as you please, I will  
“ agree to any thing ; and, as an ear-  
“ nest, will raise this sum which distresses  
“ you

“ you so much ; I am not tied down as  
 “ you are ; I can mortgage any part of  
 “ my estate. What do you say ? Will  
 “ you sign a paper, making over all right  
 “ and title to your wife in my favour ?  
 “ There is no time to be lost, I can as-  
 “ sure you. Your uncle Stanley’s lawyer  
 “ has been with Brudenel ; you know  
 “ what hopes you have from that quarter ;  
 “ for the sooner you are out of the way,  
 “ the better for the next heir.”

You never saw a poor devil so dis-  
 tressed and agitated as Stanley was ; he  
 shook like one under a fit of the tertian-  
 ague. I used every argument I could  
 muster up, and conjured all the horrible  
 ideas which were likely to terrify a man  
 of his cast ; threatened, soothed, sneered :  
 in short, I at last gained my point, and  
 he signed a commission for his own  
 cuckoldom ; which that I may be able  
 to atchieve soon, dear Venus grant ! I  
 took him with me to consult with our  
 broker about raising the money. In the  
 evening I intend my visit to the lovely  
 Julia. Oh ! that I may be endued with  
 sufficient eloquence to soften her gentle  
 “ heart ;

heart, and tune it to the sweetest notes of love! But she is virtuous, as Stanley says; that she is most truly: yet who knows how far resentment against her brutal husband may induce her to go? If ever woman had provocation, she certainly has. O that she may be inclined to revenge herself on him for his baseness to her! and that I may be the happy instrument of effecting it!

“Gods! what a thought is there!”

Adieu!

BIDDULPH.

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## LETTER XLV.

To Miss GRENVILLE.

**O**H! my Louisa, what will now become of your wretched sister? Surely the wide world contains not so forlorn a wretch, who has not been guilty of any crime! But let me not keep you in suspense. In the afternoon of the day I wrote last (I told you Miss Finch was ill)—Oh! good God! I know not what I write. I thought I would go and see her for an hour or two. I ordered

dered the coach, and was just stepping into it, when an ill-looking man (Lord bless me! I have seen none else lately) laid hold of my arm, saying, "Madam, " you must not go into that carriage."

"What do you mean?" I asked with a voice of terror, thinking he was a madman.

"Nothing, my lady," he answered, "but an execution on Sir William."

"An execution! Oh, heavens! what execution?" I was breathless, and just fainting.

"They are bailiffs, my lady," said one of our servants: "my master is arrested for debt, and these men will seize every thing in the house; but you need not be terrified, your ladyship is safe, they cannot touch you."

I ran back into the house with the utmost precipitation; all the servants seemed in commotion. I saw Preston; she was running up-stairs with a bundle in her hand. "Preston," said I, "what are you about?" "Oh! the bailiffs, the bailiffs, my lady!"

“ They won’t hurt you ; I want you here.”

“ I can’t come, indeed, my lady, till I have disposed of these things ; I must throw them out of the window, or the bailiffs will seize them.”

I could not get a servant near me but my faithful Win, who hung weeping round me ; as for myself, I was too much agitated to shed a tear, or appear sensible of my misfortune.

Two of these horrid men came into the room. I demanded what they wanted. To see that none of the goods were carried out of the house, they answered. I asked them, if they knew where Sir William Stanley was. “ Oh ! he is safe enough,” said one of them ; “ we can’t touch him ; he pleads privilege, as being a member of parliament ; we can only take care of his furniture for him.”

“ And am I not allowed the same privilege ? If so, how have you dared to detain me ?”

“ Detain you ! why I hope your ladyship will not say as how we have offered

“ fered to detain you? You may go  
 “ where you please, provided you take  
 “ nothing away with you.”

“ My lady was going out,” said Win,  
 fobbing, “ and you would not suffer it.”

“ Not in that coach, mistress, to be  
 “ sure; but don’t go for to say we  
 “ stopped your lady. She may go when  
 “ she will.”

“ Will one of you order me a chair  
 “ or hackney coach? I have no business  
 “ here.” The last word melted me;  
 and I sunk into a chair, giving way to a  
 copious flood of tears. At that instant  
 almost the detestable Biddulph entered  
 the room. I started up—“ Whence this  
 “ intrusion, my lord?” I asked with a  
 haughty tone. “ Are you come to join  
 “ your *insults* with the misfortunes you  
 “ have in great measure effected?”

“ I take heaven to witness,” answered  
 he, “ how much I was shocked to find  
 “ an extent in your house; I had not  
 “ the least idea of such a circumstance  
 “ happening. I, indeed, knew that Sir  
 “ William was very much straitened for  
 “ money.”

“ Accursed be those,” interrupted I,  
“ ever accursed be those whose pernicious counsels and baleful examples have brought him into these exigencies. I look on you, my lord, as one cruel cause of the ruin of our house.”

“ Rather, Lady Stanley, call me the prop of your sinking house. View, in me, one who would die to render you service.”

“ Would to heaven you had done so long—long before I had seen you !”

“ How unkind is that wish ! I came, Madam, with the intention of being serviceable to you. Do not then put such hard constructions on my words. I wished to consult with you on the most efficacious means to be used for Sir William’s emolument. You know not what power you have !”

“ Power ! alas ! what power have I ?”

“ The most unlimited,” he replied, fixing his odious eyes on my face, which I returned by a look of the utmost scorn. “ O Lady Stanley,” he continued, “ do not—do not, I intreat you,  
“ use



“ use me so hardly. Will you allow me  
 “ to speak to you alone ?”

“ By no means.”

“ For God’s sake do ! Your servant  
 “ shall remain in the next room, within  
 “ your call. Let me beseech you to place  
 “ some confidence in me. I have that to  
 “ relate concerning Sir William, which  
 “ you would not chuse a domestic should  
 “ hear. Dearest Lady Stanley, be not  
 “ inexorable.”

“ You may go into that room, Win,”  
 said I, not deigning to answer this impor-  
 tunate man. “ My lord,” addressing my-  
 self to him, “ you can have nothing to  
 “ tell me to which I am a stranger ; I  
 “ know Sir William is totally ruined.  
 “ This is known to every servant in the  
 “ house.”

“ Believe me,” said he, “ the execu-  
 “ tion is the least part of the evil. That  
 “ event happens daily among the great  
 “ people : but there is an affair of an-  
 “ other nature, the stain of which can  
 “ never be wiped off. Sir William, by  
 “ his necessities, has been plunged in-  
 “ to the utmost difficulties, and, to ex-

“tricate himself, has used some unlawful  
“means; in a word, he has committed  
“a forgery.”

“Impossible!” cried I, clasping my  
hands together in agony.

“It is too true; Sir George Brudenel  
“has the forged deed now in his hands,  
“and nothing can save him from an ig-  
“nominous death, but the raising a large  
“sum of money, which is quite out of  
“his power. Indeed, I might with some  
“difficulty assist him.”

“And will you not step forth to save  
“him?” I asked with precipitation.

“What would *you* do to save him?”  
he asked in his turn, attempting to take  
my hand.

“Can you ask me such a question?  
“To save his life, what would I not  
“do?”

“You have the means in your power.”

“Oh! name them quickly, and ease  
“my heart of this load of distraction!  
“It is more—much more than I can  
“bear.”

“Oh! my lovely angel!” cried the  
horrid wretch, “would you but shew  
“some

" some tenderness to me! would you  
 " but listen to the most faithful, most  
 " enamoured of men, much might be  
 " done. You would, by your sweet con-  
 " descension, bind me for ever to your  
 " interest, might I but flatter myself I  
 " should share your affection. Would  
 " you but give me the slightest mark of  
 " it, oh! how blest I should be! Say,  
 " my adorable Julia, can I ever hope to  
 " touch your heart?"

" Wretch!" cried I, " unhand me.  
 " How dare you have the insolence to  
 " affront me again with the mention of  
 " your hateful passion? I believe all you  
 " have uttered to be a base falsehood  
 " against Sir William. You have taken  
 " an opportunity to insult his wife, at a  
 " time when you think him too much en-  
 " gaged to seek vengeance; otherwise  
 " your coward soul would shrink from  
 " the just resentment you ought to ex-  
 " pect!"

" I am no coward, Madam," he re-  
 " plied, " but in my fears of offending  
 " the only woman on whom my soul

“ doats, and the only one whose scorn  
 “ would wound me. I am not afraid of  
 “ Sir William’s resentment—I act but by  
 “ his consent.”

“ By his consent !”

“ Yes, my dear creature, by his.  
 “ Come, I know you to be a woman of  
 “ sense; you are acquainted with your  
 “ husband’s hand-writing, I presume. I  
 “ have not committed a *forgery*, I assure  
 “ you. Look, Madam, on this paper;  
 “ you will see how much I need dread  
 “ the just vengeance of an injured huf-  
 “ band, when I have his especial man-  
 “ date to take possession as soon as I  
 “ can gain my lovely charmer’s consent;  
 “ and, oh! may just revenge inspire you  
 “ to reward my labours!” He held  
 a paper towards me; I attempted to  
 snatch it out of his hand. “ Not so,  
 “ my sweet angel, I cannot part with it;  
 “ but you shall see the contents of it  
 “ with all my heart.”

Oh! Louisa, do I live to tell you what  
 were those contents!—“ I resign all right  
 “ and title to my wife, Julia Stanley, to  
 “ Lord

“ Lord Biddulph, on condition that he  
 “ pays into my hands the sum of four-  
 “ teen thousand six hundred pounds,  
 “ which he enters into an engagement to  
 “ perform. Witness my hand,

“ WILLIAM STANLEY.”

Grief, resentment, and amazement,  
 struck me dumb. “ What say you to  
 “ this, Lady Stanley? Should you not  
 “ pique yourself on your fidelity to such  
 “ a good husband, who takes so much  
 “ care of you? You see how much he  
 “ prizes his life.”

“ Peace, monster! peace!” cried I.  
 “ You have taken a base, most base ad-  
 “ vantage of the wretch you have un-  
 “ done!”

“ The fault is all your’s; the cruelty  
 “ with which you have treated me has  
 “ driven me to the only course left of  
 “ obtaining you. You have it in your  
 “ power to save or condemn your hus-  
 “ band.”

“ What, should I barter my soul to save  
 “ ~~one~~ so profligate of his? But there are  
 “ other resources yet left, and we yet may

“ triumph over thee, thou cruel, worst of  
 “ wretches !”

“ Perhaps you may think there are  
 “ hopes from old Stanley ; there can be  
 “ none, as he has caused this execution.  
 “ It would half ruin your family to raise  
 “ this sum, as there are many more debts  
 “ which they would be called upon to pay.  
 “ Why then will you put it out of my  
 “ power to extricate him ? Let me have  
 “ some influence over you ! On my knees  
 “ I intreat you to hear me. I swear by  
 “ the great God that made me, I will  
 “ marry you as soon as a divorce can be  
 “ obtained. I have sworn the same to Sir  
 “ William.”

Think, my dearest Louisa, what a situa-  
 tion this was for me ! I was constrained to  
 rein-in my resentment, lest I should irri-  
 tate this wretch to some act of violence—  
 for I had but too much reason to believe  
 I was wholly in his power. I had my  
 senses sufficiently collected (for which I  
 owe my thanks to heaven) to make a clear  
 retrospect of my forlorn condition—eight  
 or ten strange fellows in the house, who,  
 from

from the nature of their profession, must be hardened against every distress, and, perhaps, ready to join with the hand of oppression in injuring the unfortunate—my servants (in none of whom I could confide) most of them employed in protecting, what they styled, their own property; and either totally regardless of me, or, what I more feared, might unite with this my chief enemy in my destruction. As to the forgery, though the bare surmise threw me into agonies, I rather thought it a proof how far the vile Biddulph would proceed to terrify me, than reality; but the fatal paper signed by Sir William—that was too evident to be disputed. This conflict of thought employed every faculty, and left me speechless—Biddulph was still on his knees, “For heaven’s sake,” cried he “do not treat me with this scorn; make me not desperate! Ardent as my passion is, I would not lose sight of my respect for you.”

“That you have already done,” I answered, “in thus openly avowing a passion, to me so highly disagreeable.

“ Prove your respect, my lord, by quitting so unbecoming a posture, and leave the most unfortunate of women to her destiny.”

“ Take care, take care, Madam,” cried he, “ how you drive me to despair ; I have long, long adored you. My perseverance, notwithstanding your frowns, calls for some reward ; and unless you assure me that in a future day you will not be thus unkind, I shall not easily forego the opportunity which now offers.”

“ For mercy’s sake !” exclaimed I, starting up, “ what do you mean ? Lord Biddulph ! How dare—I insist, Sir—leave me.” I burst into tears, and, throwing myself again in my chair, gave free vent to all the anguish of my soul. He seemed moved. Again he knelt, and implored my pardon—“ Forgive me—Oh ! forgive me, thou sweet excellence ! I will not hereafter offend, if it is in nature to suppress the extreme violence of my love. You know not how extensive your sway is over my soul ! Indeed you do not !”

“ On



“ On the condition of your leaving me directly, I will endeavour to forgive and forget what has passed,” I sobbed out, for my heart was too full of grief to articulate clearly.

“ Urge me not to leave you, my angelic creature. Ah! seek not to drive the man from your presence, who doats, doats on you to distraction. Think what a villain your husband is; think into what accumulated distress he has plunged you. Behold, in me, one who will extricate you from all your difficulties; who will raise you to rank, title, and honour; one whom you may make a convert. Oh! that I had met with you before this cursed engagement, I should have been the most blest of men. No vile passion would have interfered to sever my heart from my beautiful wife; in her soft arms I should have found a balm for all the disquietudes of the world, and learnt to despise all its empty delusive joys in the solid bliss of being good and happy!” This fine harangue had no weight with me, though  
I thought

I thought it convenient he should think I was moved by it. "Alas! my Lord," said I, "it is now too late to indulge these ideas. I am doomed to be wretched; and my wretchedness feels increase, if I am the cause of making any earthly being so; yet, if you have the tenderness for me you express, you must participate of my deep affliction. Ask your own heart, if a breast, torn with anguish and sorrow, as mine is, can at present admit a thought of any other sentiment than the grief so melancholy a situation excites? In pity, therefore, to the woman you profess to love, leave me for this time. I said, I would forgive and forget; your compliance with my request may do more; it certainly will make me grateful."

"Dearest of all creatures," cried he, seizing my hand, and pressing it with rapture to his bosom, "Dearest, best of women! what is there that I could refuse you? Oh nothing, nothing; my soul is devoted to you. But why leave you? Why may I not this moment  
" reap

“ reap the advantage of your yielding  
“ heart ?”

“ Away ! away, my Lord,” cried I, pushing him from me, “ you promised to  
“ restrain your passion ; why then is it  
“ thus boundless ? Intitle yourself to my  
“ consideration, before you thus demand  
“ returns.”

“ I make no demands. I have done.  
“ But I flattered myself I read your soft  
“ wishes in your lovely eyes,” [Detestable wretch ! how my soul rose up against  
him ! but fear restrained my tongue.]  
“ But tell me, my adorable angel, if I tear  
“ myself from you now, when shall I be  
“ so happy as to behold you again ?”

“ To-morrow,” I answered ; “ I shall  
“ be in more composed spirits to-morrow,  
“ and then I will see you here ; but do  
“ not expect too much. And now leave  
“ me this moment, as I have said more  
“ than I ought.”

“ I obey, dearest Julia,” cried the insolent creature, “ I obey.” And, blessed be Heaven ! he left the room. I sprung to the door, and double-locked it ; then

called Win into the room, who had heard the whole of this conversation. The poor soul was as pale as ashes; her looks were contagious; I caught the infection; and, forgetting the distance betwixt us (but misery makes us all equal), I threw my arms round her, and shed floods of tears into her faithful bosom. When my storms of grief had a little subsided, or indeed when nature had exhausted her store, I became more calm, and had it in my power to consider what steps I should take, as you may believe I had nothing further from my intention than meeting this vile man again. I soon came to the determination to send to Miss Finch; as there was no one to whom I could apply for an asylum; I mean, for the present, as I am convinced I shall find the properest and most welcome in your's and my dear father's arms bye and bye. I rang the bell; one of the horrid bailiffs came for my orders. I desired to have Griffith called to me. I wrote a note to Miss Finch, telling her in a few words the situation of my affairs, and that my  
dread

dread was so great of receiving further insult from Lord Biddulph, that I could not support the idea of passing the night surrounded by such wretches; therefore in-treated her to send some one in whom she could confide, in her carriage, to convey me to her for a little time, till I could hear from my friends. In a quarter of an hour Griffith returned, with a billet containing only three lines—but oh, how much comfort. “ My dearest creature, my heart  
 “ bleeds for your distresses; there is no  
 “ one so proper as your true friend to  
 “ convey you hither. I will be with you  
 “ in an instant; your’s, for ever,

“ MARIA FINCH.”

I made Win bundle up a few night-cloaths and trifles that we both might want, and in a short time I found myself pressed to the bosom of my dear Maria! She had risen from her bed, where she had lain two days, to fly to my succour. Ah! how much am I indebted to her! By Miss Finch’s advice, I wrote a few words to—oh! what shall I call him?—the man, my Louisa, who tore me from  
 the

the fostering bosom of my beloved father, to abandon me to the miseries and infamy of the world ! I wrote thus :

“ Abandoned and forsaken by him to  
 “ whom I alone ought to look up for pro-  
 “ tection, I am (though, alas ! unable)  
 “ obliged to be the guardian of my own  
 “ honour. I have left your house ; hap-  
 “ py, happy had it been for me, never  
 “ to have entered it ! I seek that asylum  
 “ from strangers, I can no longer meet  
 “ with from my husband. I have suffer-  
 “ ed too much from my fatal connexion  
 “ with you, to feel disposed to consign  
 “ myself to everlasting infamy (notwith-  
 “ standing I have your permission), to  
 “ extricate you from a trivial inconve-  
 “ nience. Remember, this is the first in-  
 “ stance in which I ever disobeyed your  
 “ will. May you see your error, reform,  
 “ and be happy ! So prays your much-  
 “ injured, but still faithful wife,

“ JULIA STANLEY.”

Miss Finch, with the goodness of an angel, took me home with her ; nor would she

She leave me a moment to myself. She has indulged me with permission to write this account, to save me the trouble of repeating it to her. And now, my Louisa, and you, my dear honoured father, will you receive your poor wanderer? Will you heal her heart-rending sorrows, and suffer her to seek for happiness, at least a restoration of ease, in your tender bosoms? Will you hush her cares, and teach her to kiss the hand which chastises her? Oh! how I long to pour forth my soul into the breast from whence I expect to derive all my earthly comfort!

Adieu!

J. S.

L E T T E R XLVI.

To Colonel MONTAGUE.

**W**ELL, Jack, we are all *entrain*. I believe we shall do in time. But old Squaretoes has stole a march on us, and took out an extent against his nephew. Did you ever hear of so unnatural a dog?

a dog? It is true he has done a great deal for Sir William; and saw plainly, the more money he paid, the more extravagant his nephew grew; but still it was a damned affair too after all. I have been with my dear bewitching charmer. I have her promise to admit me as a visitor to-morrow. I was a fool not to finish the business to-night, as I could have bribed every one in the house to assist me. Your bailiffs are proper fellows for the purpose—but I love to have my adorables meet me—*almost* half way. I shall, I hope, gain her at last; and my victory will be a reward for all my pains and labours.

I am interrupted. A messenger from Sir William. I must go instantly to the Thatched-house tavern. What is in the wind now, I wonder?

\* \* \* \* \*

Great God! Montague, what a fight have I been witness to! Stanley, the ill-fated Stanley, has shot himself. The horror of the scene will never be worn from my memory. I see his mangled corpse staring ghastly upon me. I tremble.

Every



Every nerve is affected. I cannot at present give you the horrid particulars. I am more shocked than it is possible to conceive. Would to Heaven I had had no connexion with him! Oh! could I have foreseen this unhappy event! but it is too, too late. The undone self-destroyed wretch is gone to answer for his crimes; and you and I are left to deplore the part we have had in corrupting his morals, and leading him on, step by step, to destruction.

My mind is a hell—I cannot reflect—I feel all despair and self-abasement. I now thank God, I have not the weight of Lady Stanley's seduction on my already overburdened conscience.

\* \* \* \* \*

In what a different style I began this letter—with a pulse beating with anticipated evil, and my blood rioting in the idea of my fancied triumph over the virtue of the best and most injured of women. On the summons, I flew to the Thatched-house. The waiter begged me to go up stairs. “Here has a most unfor-

"tunate accident happened, my Lord.  
 "Poor Sir William Stanley has committed a rash action; I fear his life is in danger." I thought he alluded to the affair of forgery, and in that persuasion made answer, "It is an ugly affair, to be sure; but, as to his life, that will be in no danger." "Oh! my Lord, I must not flatter you; the surgeon declares he can live but a few hours." "Live! what do you say?" "He has shot himself, my Lord." I hardly know how I got up stairs; but how great was my horror at the scene which presented itself to my affrighted view! Sir George Brudenel and Mr. Stanley were supporting him. He was not quite dead, but his last moments were on the close. Oh! the occurrences of life will never for one instant obliterate from my recollection the look which he gave me. He was speechless; but his eloquent silence conveyed, in one glance of agony and despair, sentiments that sunk deep on my wounded conscience. His eyes were turned on me, when the hand of death sealed them for ever. I had  
 thrown

thrown myself on my knees by him, and was pressing his hand. I did not utter a word, indeed I was incapable of articulating a syllable. He had just sense remaining to know me, and I thought strove to withdraw his hand from mine. I let it go; and, seeing it fall almost lifeless, Mr. Stanley took it in his, as well as he could; the expiring man grasped his uncle's hand, and sunk into the shades of everlasting night. When we were convinced that all was over with the unhappy creature, we left the room. Neither Sir George, nor Mr. Stanley, seemed inclined to enter into conversation; and my heart ran over plentifully at my eyes. I gave myself up to my agonizing sorrow for some time. When I was a little recovered, I enquired of the people of the house, how this fatal event happened. Tom said, Sir William came there about seven o'clock, and went up stairs in the room we usually played in; that he looked very dejected, but called for coffee, and drank two dishes. He went from thence in an hour, and returned again about ten. He walked about the  
room

room in great disorder. In a short space, Sir George Brudenel and Mr. Stanley came and asked for him. On carrying up their message, Sir William desired to be excused seeing them for half an hour. Within that time, a note was brought him from his own house by Griffith, Lady Stanley's servant \*. His countenance changed on the perusal of it. "This then decides it," he exclaimed aloud. "I am now determined." He bade the waiter leave the room, and bring him no more messages. In obedience to his commands, Tom was going down stairs. Sir William shut the door after him hastily, and locked it; and before Tom had got to the passage, he heard the report of a pistol. Alarmed at the sound, and the previous disorder of Sir William, he ran into the room where were Brudenel and Stanley, entreating them for God's sake to go up, as he feared Sir William meant to do some desperate act. They ran up with

\* The billet which Lady Stanley wrote, previous to her quitting her husband's house.

the utmost precipitation, and Brudenel burst open the door. The self-devoted victim was in an arm chair, hanging over on one side, his right cheek and ear torn almost off, and speechless. He expressed great horror, and, they think, contrition, in his looks; and once clasped his hands together, and turned up his eyes to Heaven. He knew both the gentlemen. His uncle was in the utmost agitation. "Oh! my dear Will," said he, "had you been less precipitate, we might have remedied all these evils." Poor Stanley fixed his eyes on him, and faintly shook his head. Sir George too pressed his hand, saying, "My dear Stanley, you have been deceived, if you thought me your enemy. God forgive those who have brought you to this distress!" This (with the truest remorse of conscience I say it) bears hard on my character. I did all in my power to prevent poor Stanley's meeting with Sir George and his uncle, and laboured, with the utmost celerity, to confirm him in the idea, that they

were both inexorable, to further my schemes on his wife. As I found my company was not acceptable to the gentlemen, I returned home under the most violent dejection of spirits. Would to Heaven you were here! Yet, what consolation could you afford me? I rather fear you would add to the weight, instead of lightening it, as you could not speak peace to my mind, which is inconceivably hurt.

I am your's,

BIDDULPH.

## LETTER XLVII.

To Miss GRENVILLE.

Dear Madam,

**A** LETTER from Mr. Stanley\*, which accompanies this, will inform you of the fatal catastrophe of the

\* Mr. Stanley's letter is omitted.

unfortunate Sir William Stanley. Do me the justice to believe I shall with pleasure contribute all in my power to the ease and convenience of Lady Stanley, for whom I have the tenderest friendship.

We have concealed the whole of the shocking particulars of her husband's fate from her ladyship, but her apprehensions lead her to surmise the worst. She is at present too much indisposed, to undertake a journey into Wales; but, as soon as she is able to travel, I shall do myself the honour of conveying her to the arms of relations so deservedly dear to her.

Mr. Stanley is not a man who deals in professions; he therefore may have been silent as to his intentions in favour of his niece, which I know to be very noble.

Lady Stanley tells me, she has done me the honour of mentioning my name frequently in her correspondence with you. As a sister of so amiable a woman, I feel myself attached to Miss Grenville,

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and beg leave to subscribe myself her  
obliged humble servant,

MARIA FINCH.

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LETTER XLVIII.

From the SYLPH.

**T**HE vicissitudes which you, my  
Julia, have experienced in your  
short life, must teach you how little de-  
pendence is to be placed in sublunary  
enjoyments. By an inevitable stroke,  
you are again cast under the protection  
of your first friends. If, in the vortex of  
folly where late you resided, my coun-  
sels preserved you from falling into any  
of its snares, the reflection of being so  
happy an instrument will shorten the  
dreary path of life, and smooth the pil-  
low of death. But my task, my happy  
task, of superintending your footsteps is  
now over.

In



In the peaceful vale of innocence, no guide is necessary; for there all is virtuous, all beneficent, as yourself. You have passed many distressing and trying scenes. But, however, never let despair take place in your bosom. To hope to be happy in this world, may be presumptuous; to despair of being so, is certainly impious; and, though the sun may rise and see us unblest, and, setting, leave us in misery; yet, on its return, it may behold us changed, and the face which yesterday was clouded with tears may to-morrow brighten into smiles. Ignorant as we are of the events of to-morrow, let us not arrogantly suppose there will be no end to the trouble which now surrounds us; and, by murmuring, arraign the hand of Providence.

There may be, to us finite beings, many seeming contradictions of the assertion, that, *to be good is to be happy*; but an infinite Being knows it to be true in the enlarged view of things, and therefore implanted in our breasts the love of virtue. Our merit may not, indeed, meet

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with the reward which we seem to claim in this life ; but we are morally ascertained of reaping a plentiful harvest in the next. Persevere then, my amiable pupil, in the path you were formed to tread in, and rest assured, though a slow, a lasting recompence will succeed. May you meet with all the happiness you deserve in this world ! and may those most dear to you be the dispensers of it to you ! Should any future occasion of your life make it necessary to consult me, you know how a letter will reach me ; till then adieu !

Ever your faithful

S Y L P H.

L E T.

## LETTER XLIX.

To Sir GEORGE BRUDENEL.

Woodley-vale.

My dear Sir George,

**I**T is with the utmost pleasure, I assure you of my niece having borne her journey with less fatigue than we even could have hoped for. The pleasing expectation of meeting with her beloved relations contributed towards her support, and combated the afflictions she had tasted during her separation from them and her native place. As we approached the last stage, her conflict increased, and both Miss Finch and myself used every method to re-compose her fluttered spirits; but, just as we were driving into the inn-yard where we were to change horses for the last time, she clasped her hands together, exclaiming, "Oh, my God! my father's

H 4

"chaife!"

“ chaise !” and sunk back, very near fainting. I tried to laugh her out of her extreme agitation. She had hardly power to get out of the coach ; and, hobbling as you know me to be with the gout, an extraordinary exertion was necessary on my part to support her, tottering as she was, into a parlour. I shall never be able to do justice to the scene which presented itself. Miss Grenville flew to meet her trembling sister. The mute expression of their features, the joy of meeting, the recollection of past sorrows, oh ! it is more than my pen can paint ; it was more than human nature could support ; at least, it was with the utmost difficulty it could be supported till the venerable father approached to welcome his lovely daughter. She sunk on her knees before him, and looked like a dying victim at the shrine of a much-loved saint. What agonies possessed Mr. Grenville ! He called for assistance ; none of the party were able, from their own emotions, to afford him any. At last the dear creature

ture recovered, and became tolerably calm; but this only lasted a few minutes. She was seated between her father and sister; she gazed fondly first on one, and then the other, and would attempt to speak; but her full heart could not find vent at her lips; her eyes were rivers, through which her sorrows flowed. I rose to retire for a little time, being overcome by the affecting view. She saw my intentions, and, rising likewise, took my hand—

“Don’t leave us—I will be more myself.”

“—Don’t leave us, my second father!”

“Oh! Sir, turning to Mr. Grenville, help

me to repay this generous, best of men,

a small part of what my grateful heart

tells me is his due.” “I receive him,

my Julia,” cried her father, “I receive

him to my bosom as my brother.” He

embraced me, and Lady Stanley threw an

arm over each of our shoulders. Our

spirits, after some time, a little subsided,

and we proceeded to this place. I was

happy this meeting was over, as I all

along dreaded the delicate sensibility of

my niece.

Oh! Sir George! how could my unhappy nephew be blind to such estimable qualities as Julia possesses? Blind!—I recall the word: he was not blind to them; he could not, but he was misled by the cursed follies of the world, and entangled by its snares, till he lost all relish for whatever was lovely and virtuous. Ill-fated young man! how deplorable was thy end! Oh! may the mercy of Heaven be extended towards thee! May it forget its justice, *nor be extreme to mark what was done amiss!*

I find Julia was convinced he was hurried out of this life by his own desperate act, but she forbears to enquire into what she says she dreads to be informed of. She appears to me (who knew her not in her happier days) like a beautiful plant that had been chilled with a nipping frost, which congealed, but could not destroy, its loveliness; the tenderness of her parent, like the sun, has chased away the winter, and she daily expands, and discovers fresh charms. Her sister too—indeed we should see such women now and then,

then, to reconcile us to the trifling sex, who have laboured with the utmost celebrity, and with too much success, to bring an odium on that most beautiful part of the creation. You say you are tired of the women of your world. Their caprices, their follies, to soften the expression, has caused this distaste in you. Come to Woodley-vale, and behold beauty ever attended by (what should ever attend beauty) native innocence. The lovely widow is out of the question. I am in love with her myself, that is, as much as an old fellow of sixty-four ought to be with a young girl of nineteen; but her charming sister, I must bring you acquainted with her; yet, unless I was perfectly convinced, that you possess the best of hearts, you should not even have a glance from her pretty blue eyes. Indeed, I believe I shall turn monopolizer in my dotage, and keep them all to myself. Julia is my child. Louisa has the merit with me (exclusive of her own superlative one) of being *her* sister. And my little *Finch* is a worthy girl; I adore her for her

friendship to my darling. Surely your heart must be impenetrable, if so much merit, and so much beauty, does not assert their sway over you.

Do you think that infamous fellow (I am sorry to express myself thus while speaking of a peer of our realm) Lord Biddulph is sincere in his reformation? Perhaps returning health may renew in him vices which are become habitual from long practice. If he reflects at all, he has much, very much, to answer for throughout this unhappy affair. Indeed, he did not spare himself in his conversation with me. If he sees his errors in time, he ought to be thankful to Heaven, for allowing that *time* to him, which, by his pernicious counsels, he prevented the man he called *friend* from availing himself of. Adieu! my dear Sir George. May you never feel the want of *that peace which goodness bosoms ever!*

EDWARD STANLEY.

L E T.



## LETTER L.

To Miss FINCH.

YOU are very sly, my dear Maria. Mr. Stanley assures me, you went to Lady Barton's purposely to give her nephew, Sir George, the meeting. Is it so? and am I in danger of losing my friend? Or is it only the jocularly of my uncle on the occasion? Pray be communicative on this affair. I am sure I need not urge you on that head, as you have never used any reserve to me. A mind of such integrity as your's requires no disguises. What little I saw of Sir George Brudenel shews him to be a man worthy of my Maria. What an encomium I have paid him in one word! But, joking apart (for I do not believe you entertained an idea of a *rencontre* with the young Baronet at Barton-house), Mr. Stanley says, with the utmost seriousness,

ness, that his friend Brudenel made him the *confidante* of a *penchant* for our sweet Maria, some time since, on his inviting him down hither, to pick up a wife *unbackneyed in the ways of the world*. However, don't be talked into a partiality for the swain, for none of us here have a wish to become match-makers.

And now I have done with the young man, permit me to add a word or two concerning the old one; I mean Mr. Stanley. He has, in the tenderest and most friendly manner, settled on me two thousand a year (the sum fixed on another occasion) while I continue the widow of his unfortunate nephew; and if hereafter I should be induced to enter into other engagements, I am to have fifteen thousand pounds at my own disposal. This, he says, justice prompts him to do; but adds, "I will not tell you how far my affection would carry me, because the world would perhaps call me an *old fool*."

He leaves us next week, to make some preparation there for our reception in a  
short

short time. I am to be mistress of his house; and he has made a bargain with my father, that I shall spend half the year with him, either at Stanley-Park or Pemberton-Lodge. You may believe all the happiness of my future life is centered in the hope of contributing to the comfort of my father, and this my second parent. My views are very circumscribed; however, I am more calm than I expected to have been, considering how much I have been tossed about in the stormy ocean. It is no wonder that I am sometimes under the deepest dejection of spirits, when I sit, as I often do, and reflect on past events. But I am convinced I ought not to enquire too minutely into some fatal circumstances. May the poor deluded victim meet with mercy! I draw a veil over his frailties. Ah! what errors are they which death cannot cancel? Who shall say, *I will walk upright, my foot shall not slide or go astray?* Who knows how long he shall be upheld by the powerful hand of God? The most presumptuous of us, if left to ourselves, may be guilty of a  
 lapse.

lapse. Oh! may my trespasses be forgiven, as I forgive and forget *his!*

My dear Maria will excuse my proceeding; the last apostrophe will convince you of the impossibility of my continuing to use my pen.

Adieu!

JULIA STANLEY.

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[The correspondence, for obvious reasons, is discontinued for some months. During the interval it appears, that an union had taken place between Sir George Brudenel and Miss Finch.—While Lady Stanley was on her accustomed visit to her uncle, she receives the following letter from Miss Grenville.]

## LETTER LI.

To Lady STANLEY.

Melford-abbey.

**T**HIS last week has been so much taken up, that I could not find one day to tell my beloved Julia that *she* has not been *one day* out of my thoughts, tho' you have heard from me but once since I obeyed the summons of our friend Jenny Melford, to be witness of her renunciation of that name. We are a large party here, and very brilliant.

I think I never was accounted vain; but, I assure you, I am almost induced to be so, from the attention of a very agreeable man, who is an intimate acquaintance of Mr. Wynne's; a man of fortune, and, what will have more weight with me, a man of strict principles. He has already made himself some little interest in my heart, by some very benevolent actions, which we have by  
accident

accident discovered. - I don't know what will come of it, but, if he should be importunate, I doubt I should not have power to refuse him. My father is prodigiously taken with him; yet men are such deceitful mortals!—well, time will shew—in the mean time, adieu!

Your's, most sincerely,

LOUISA GRENVILLE.

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LETTER LII.

To Lady STANLEY.

I CANNOT resist writing to you, in consequence of a piece of intelligence I received this morning from Mr. Spencer, the hero of my last letter.

At

At breakfast Mr. Spencer said to Mr. Wynne—“ You will have an addition  
 “ to your party to-morrow ; I have just  
 “ had a letter from my friend Harry  
 “ Woodley, informing me, that he will  
 “ pay his *devoir* to you and your fair  
 “ bride before his journey to London.”

The name instantly struck me—“ Harry  
 “ Woodley !” I repeated.

“ Why do you know Harry Wood-  
 “ ley ?” asked Mr. Spencer. “ I once  
 “ knew a gentleman of that name,” I  
 answered, “ whose father owned that  
 “ estate *my* father now possesses. I re-  
 “ member him a boy, when he was un-  
 “ der the tuition of Mr. Jones, a wor-  
 “ thy clergyman in our neighbourhood.”  
 “ The very same,” replied Mr. Spencer.  
 “ Harry is my most particular friend ; I  
 “ have long known him, and as long  
 “ loved him with the tenderest affection—  
 “ an affection,” whispered he, “ which  
 “ reigned unrivalled till I saw you ; he  
 “ *was* the *first*, but *now* is *second* in my  
 “ heart.” I blushed, but felt no anger  
 at his boldness.

I shall

I shall not finish my letter till I have seen my old acquaintance; I wish for to-morrow; I expressed my impatience to Mr. Spencer. "I should be uneasy at your earnestness," said he, "did I not know that curiosity is incident to your sex; but I will let you into a secret: Harry's heart is engaged, and has long been so; therefore, throw not away your fire upon him, but preserve it, to cherish one who lives but in your smiles."

\* \* \* \* \*

He is arrived (Mr. Woodley, I mean); we are all charmed with him. I knew him instantly; tho' the beautiful boy is now flushed with manliness. It is five years since we saw him last—he did not meet us without the utmost emotion, which we attributed to the recollection that we now owned those lands which ought in right to have been his. He has, however, by Mr. Spencer's account, been very successful in life, and is master  
of



of a plentiful fortune. He seems to merit the favour of all the world.

Adieu!

Your's most truly,

LOUISA GRENVILLE.

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L E T T E R LIII.

To Lady STANLEY.

Melford-abbey.

**M**R. Spencer tells me, it is a proof I have great ascendancy over him, since he has made me the *confidante* of his friend Woodley's attachment. And who do you think is the object of it? To whom has the constant youth paid his vows in secret, and worn away a series of years in hopeless, pining love? Ah! my Julia, who can inspire so tender, so lasting, a flame as yourself? Yes!

you are the saint before whose shrine the faithful Woodley has bent his knee, and sworn eternal truth.

You must remember the many instances of esteem we have repeatedly received from him. To me it was friendship; to my sister it was love—and *love* of the purest, noblest kind.

He left Woodley-vale, you recollect, about five years ago. He left all he held dear; all the soft hope which cherished life, in the flattering idea of raising himself, by some fortunate stroke, to such an eminence, that he might boldly declare how much, how fondly, he adored his Julia. In the first instance, he was not mistaken—he has acquired a noble fortune. Flushed with hope and eager expectation, he flew to Woodley-vale, and the first sound that met his ear was—that the object of his tenderest wishes was, a few weeks before his arrival, married. My Julia! will not your tender sympathizing heart feel, in some degree, the cruel anxiety that must take place in the bosom which had been, during

ing

ing a long journey, indulging itself in the fond hope of being happy—and just at that point of time, and at that place, where the happiness was to commence, to be dashed at once from the scene of bliss, with the account of his beloved's being married to another? What then remained for the ill-fated youth, but to fly from those scenes where he had sustained so keen a disappointment; and, without casting one glance on the plains the extravagance of his father had wrested from him, seek in the bosom of his friends an asylum?

He determined not to return till he was able to support the sight of such interesting objects with composure. He proposed leaving England: he travelled; but never one moment, in idea, wandered from the spot which contained all his soul held dear. Some months since, he became acquainted with the event which has once more left you free. His delicacy would not allow him to appear before you till the year was near expired. And now, if such unexampled constancy

constancy may plead for him, what competitor need Harry Woodley fear?

I told you my father was much pleased with Mr. Spencer, but he is more than pleased with his old acquaintance. You cannot imagine how much he interests himself in the hope that his invariable attachment to you may meet its due reward, by making, as he says, a proper impression on your heart. He will return with us to Woodley-vale. My father's partiality is so great, that, I believe, should you be inclined to favour the faithful Harry, he will be induced to make you the eldest, and settle Woodley on you, that it may be transmitted to Harry's heirs; a step, which, I give you my honour, I shall have no objection to. Besides, it will be proving the sincerity of Mr. Spencer's attachment to me—a proof I should not be averse to making; for, you know, *a burnt child dreads the fire.*

These young men take up all our attention; but I will not write a word more till I have enquired after my dear old one.

one. How does the worthy soul do? I doubt you have not sung to him lately, as the gout has returned with so much violence. You know, he said, your voice banished all pain. Pray continue singing, or any thing which indicates returning cheerfulness; a blessing I so much wish you. I have had a letter from Lady Brudenel; she calls on me for my promised visit, but I begin to suspect I shall have engagements enough on my hands bye and bye. I doubt my father is tired of us both, as he is planning a scheme to get rid of us at once. But does not this seeming eagerness proceed from that motive which guides all his actions towards us—his extreme tenderness—the apprehension of leaving us unconnected, and the infirmities of life hastening with large strides on himself? Oh! my Julia! he is the best of fathers!

Adieu! I am dressed *en cavalier*, and just going to mount my horse, accompanied by my two beaux. I wish you was here, as I own I should have no objection to a *tête-à-tête* with Spencer; nor would

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Harry with you. But *here*—he is in the way.

Your's,

L. GRENVILLE.

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LETTER LIV.

To Miss GRENVILLE.

Stanley-park.

**A**LAS! my dearest Louisa, is it to me your last letter was addressed? to me, the sad victim of a fatal attachment? Torn as has been my heart by the strange vicissitudes of life, am I an object fit to admit the bright ray of joy? Unhappy Woodley, if thy destiny is to be decided by my voice! It is—it must be ever against thee. Talk not to me, Louisa, of love—of joy and happiness! Ever, ever, will they be strangers to my care-worn breast. A little calm (oh! how

how deceitful!) had taken possession of my mind, and seemed to chase away the dull melancholy which habitual griefs had planted there. Ah! seek not to rob me of the small share allotted me. Speak not—write not of Woodley; my future peace depends upon it. The name of *love* has awakened a thousand, thousand pangs, which sorrow had hushed to rest; at least, I kept them to myself. I look on the evils of my life as a punishment for having too freely indulged myself in a most reprehensible attachment. Never has my hand traced the fatal name! Never have I sighed it forth in the most retired privacy! Never then, my Louisa, oh! never mention the destructive passion to me more!

I remember the ill-fated youth—ill-fated, indeed, if cursed with so much constancy! The first predilection I felt in favour of one too dear—was a faint similitude I thought I discovered between him and Woodley. But if I entertained a partiality at first for him, because he reminded me of a former companion, too

soon he made such an interest in my bosom, as left him superior there to all others. It is your fault, Louisa, that I have adverted to this painful, this forbidden subject. Why have you mentioned the pernicious theme?

Why should my father be so earnest to have me again enter into the pale of matrimony? If your prospects are flattering—indulge them, and be happy. I have tasted of the fruit—have found it bitter to the palate, and corroding to the heart. Urge me not then to run any more hazards; I have suffered sufficiently. Do not, in pity to Mr. Woodley, encourage in him a hope, that perseverance may subdue my resolves. Fate is not more inexorable. I should despise myself if I was capable, for one moment, of wishing to give pain to any mortal. He cannot complain of me—he may of *Destiny*; and, oh! what complaints have I not to make of her!

I have





I have again perused your letter; I am not free, Louisa, even if my heart was not devoted to the unfortunate exile. Have I not sworn to my attendant Sylph? He, who preserved me in the day of trial? My vows are registered in heaven! I will not recede from them! I believe he knows my heart, with all its weaknesses. Oh! my Louisa, do not distress me more.

Adieu!

JULIA STANLEY.

## LETTER LV.

To Lady STANLEY.

WHERE has my Julia learnt this inflexibility of mind? or what virtue so rigid as to say, she is not free to enter into other engagements? Are your affections to lie for ever buried in the grave of your unfortunate husband? Heaven, who has given us renewable affections, will not condemn us for making a transfer of them, when the continuance of that affection can be of no farther advantage to the object. But your case is different; you have attached yourself to a visionary idea! the man, whose memory you cherish, perhaps, thinks no longer of you; or would he not have sought you out before this? Are you to pass your life in mourning his absence, and not endeavour to do justice to the fidelity of one of the most amiable of men?

Surely,

Surely, my Julia, these sacrifices are not required of you! You condemn my father for being so interested in the fate of his friend Woodley!—he only requests you to see him. Why not see him as an acquaintance? You cannot form the idea of my father's wishing to constrain you to accept him! All he thinks of at present is, that you would not suffer prejudices to blind your reason. Woodley seeks not to subdue you by perseverance; only give him leave to try to please you; only allow him to pay you a visit. Surely, if you are as fixed as fate, you cannot apprehend the bare sight of him will overturn your resolves! You fear more danger than there really is. Still we say—*see him*. My dearest Julia did not use to be inexorable! My father allows he has now no power over you, even if he could form the idea of using it. What then have you to dread? Surely you have a negative voice!



I am called upon—but will end with the strain I began. See him, and then refuse him your esteem, nay more, your tender affection, if you can.

Adieu †

Your's most sincerely,

LOUISA GRENVILLE.

## L E T T E R     LVI.

To Miss GRENVILLE.

**O**H, my Louisa! how is the style of your letters altered! Is this change (not improvement) owing to your attachment to Mr. Spencer? Can *love* have wrought this difference? If it has, may it be a stranger to my bosom!—for it has ceased to make my Louisa amiable!—she,  
who

who was once all tenderness—all softness !  
 who fondly soothed my distresses, *and felt*  
*for weakness which she never knew—*

“ It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly ;

“ Our *sex*, as well as I, may chide you for it,

“ Though I alone do feel the injury—”

you, to whom I have freely exposed  
 all the failings of my wayward heart !  
 in whose bosom I have reposed all its tu-  
 multuous beatings !—all its anxieties !—  
 Oh, Louisa ! can you forget my *confidence*  
 in you, which would not permit me to  
 conceal even my errors ? Why do you  
 then join with men in scorning your  
 friend ? You say, *my father has now no*  
*power over me, even if he could form the*  
*idea of using power.* Alas ! you have all  
 too much power over me ! you have the  
 power of rendering me for ever miser-  
 able, either by your persuasions to con-  
 sign myself to eternal wretchedness ; or  
 by my *inexorableness*, as you call it, in  
 flying in the face of persons so dear to  
 me !

How cruel it is in you to arraign the conduct of one to whose character you are a *stranger*! What has the man, who, unfortunately both for himself and me, has been too much in my thoughts; what has he done, that you should so decisively pronounce him to be inconstant, and forgetful of those who seemed so dear to him? Why is the delicacy of *Your favourite* to be so much commended for his forbearance till the year of mourning was near expired? And what proof that another may not be actuated by the same delicate motive?

But I will have done with these painful interrogatories; they only help to wound my bosom, even more than you have done.

My good uncle is better.—You have wrung my heart—and, harsh and unbecoming as it may seem in your eyes, I will not return to Woodley-vale, till I am assured I shall not receive any more persecutions on his account. Would he be content with my esteem, he may easily entitle

entitle himself to it by his still further *forbearance*.

My resolution is fixed — no matter what that is — there is no danger of making any one a participator of my *forrows*.

Adieu!

JULIA STANLEY.

LETTER LVII.

To Miss GRENVILLE.

Stanley-park.

**L**OUISA! why was this scheme laid? I cannot compose my thoughts even to ask you the most simple question! Can you judge of my astonishment? the emotions with which I was seized? Oh! no, you cannot—you cannot, because you was never sunk so

low in the depths of affliction as I have been; you never have experienced the extreme of joy and despair as I have done. Oh! you know nothing of what I feel!—of what I cannot find words to express! Why don't you come hither?—I doubt whether I shall retain my senses till your arrival.

Adieu!

Your's for ever,

JULIA STANLEY.

L E T T E R LVIII.

To Lady BRUDENEL.

Stanley-park.

**Y**ES! my dear Maria, you shall be made acquainted with the extraordinary change in your friend! You had all the mournful particulars of my past life



life before you. I was convinced of your worth, nor could refuse you my confidence. But what is all this? I cannot spend my time, my precious time, in prefacing the scenes which now surround me.

You know how depressed my mind was with sorrow at the earnestness with which my father and sister espoused the cause of Mr. Woodley. I was ready to sink under the dejection their perseverance occasioned, aggravated too by my tender, long-cherished attachment to the unfortunate Baron. [This is the first time my pen has traced that word.]

I was sitting yesterday morning in an alcove in the garden, ruminating on the various scenes which I had experienced, and giving myself up to the most melancholy reflexions, when I perceived a paper fall at my feet. I apprehended it had dropped from my pocket in taking out my handkerchief, which a trickling tear had just before demanded. I stooped to pick it up; and, to my surprize, found

found it sealed, and addressed to myself. I hastily broke it open, and my wonder increased when I read these words :

“ I have been witness to the perturbation of your mind. How will you atone to your Sylph, for not availing yourself of the privilege of making application to him in an emergency ? If you have lost your confidence in him, he is the most wretched of beings. He flatters himself he may be instrumental to your future felicity. If you are inclined to be indebted to him for any share of it, you may have the opportunity of seeing him in five minutes. Arm yourself with resolution, most lovely, most adored of women ; for he will appear under a semblance not expected by you. You will see in him the most faithful and constant of human beings.”

I was seized with such a trepidation, that I could hardly support myself ; but, summoning all the strength of mind I could assume, I said aloud, though in a tremulous voice, “ Let me view my amiable

“ Sylph !”

“ Sylph ! ” — But oh ! what became of me, when at my feet I beheld the most wished-for, the most dreaded, *Ton-bausen* ! I clasped my hands together, and shrieked with the most frantic air, falling back half insensible on the seat. “ Curse on my precipitance ! ” he cried, throwing his arms round me. “ My angel ! my Julia ! look on the most forlorn of his sex, unless you pity me.” “ Pity you ! ” I exclaimed, with a faint accent — “ Oh ! from whence, and how came you here ? ”

“ Did not my Julia expect me ? ” he asked, in the softest voice, and sweetest manner.

“ I expect you ! How should I ? alas ! what intimation could I have of your arrival ? ”

“ From this,” he replied, taking up the billet written by the Sylph. “ What do you mean ? For Heaven’s sake ! rise, and unravel this mystery. My brain will burst with the torture of suspense.”

“ If the loveliest of women will pardon the stratagems I have practised on  
“ her

“ her unsuspecting mind, I will rise, and  
 “ rise the happiest of mortals. Yes,  
 “ my beloved Julia, I am that invisible  
 “ guide, that has so often led you  
 “ through the wilds of life. I am that  
 “ blissful being, whom you supposed  
 “ something supernatural.”

“ It is impossible,” I cried, interrupting  
 him, “ it cannot be !”

“ Will not my Julia recollect this poor  
 “ pledge of her former confidence ?”  
 drawing from a ribband a locket of hair  
 I had once sent to the Sylph. “ Is this,  
 “ to me inestimable, gift no longer ac-  
 “ knowledged by you ? this dear part  
 “ of yourself, whose enchantment gave  
 “ to my wounded soul all the nourish-  
 “ ment she drew, which supported me  
 “ when exiled from all that the world  
 “ had worth living for ? Have you for-  
 “ got the vows of lasting fidelity with  
 “ which the value of the present was en-  
 “ hanced ? Oh ! sure you have not. And  
 “ yet you are silent. May I not have one  
 “ word, one look ?”

“ Alas !” cried I, hiding my face  
 from his glances ; “ what can I say ?  
 “ What

“What can I do? Oh! too well I remember all. The consciousness, that every secret of my heart has been laid bare to your inspection, covers me with the deepest confusion.”

“Bear witness for me,” cried he, “that I never made an ill use of that knowledge. Have I ever presumed upon it? Could you ever discover, by the arrogance of Ton-hausen’s conduct, that he had been the happy *confidant* of your retired sentiments? Believe me, Lady Stanley, that man will ever admire you most, who knows most your worth; and oh! who knows it more, who adores it more than I?”

“Still,” said I, “I cannot compose my scattered senses. All appears a dream; but, trust me, I doat on the illusion. I would not be undeceived, if I am in an error. I would fain persuade myself, that but one man on earth is acquainted with the softness, I will not call it weakness, of my soul; and he the only man who could inspire that softness.” “Oh! be persuaded, most  
“angelic

“angelic of women,” said he, pressing my hand to his lips, “be persuaded of the truth of my assertion, that the Sylph and I are one. You know how you were circumstanced.”

“Yes! I was married before I had the happiness of being seen by you.”

“No; you was not.”

“Not married, before I was seen by you?”

“Most surely not. Years, years before that event, I knew, and, knowing, loved you—loved you with all the fondness of man, while my age was that of a boy. Has Julia quite forgot her juvenile companions? Is the time worn from her memory, when Harry Woodley used to weave the fancied garland for her?”

“Protect me, Heaven!” cried I, “sure I am in the land of shadows!”

“No,” cried he, clasping me in his arms, and smiling at my apostrophe, “you shall find substance and substantial joys too here.”

“Thou

“Thou Proteus!” said I, withdrawing myself from his embrace, “what do you mean by thus shifting characters, and each so potent?”

“To gain my charming Nymph,” he answered. “But why should we thus waste our time? Let me lead you to your father.”

“My father! Is my father here?”

“Yes, he brought me hither; perhaps, as Woodley, an unwelcome visitant. But will you have the cruelty to reject him?” added he, looking slyly.

“Don’t presume too much,” I returned with a smile. “You have convinced me; you are capable of great artifice; but I shall insist on your explaining your whole plan of operations, as an atonement for your double, nay treble dealing; for I think you are three in one. But I am impatient to behold my father, whom, the moment before I saw you, I was accusing of cruelty, in seeking to urge me in the favour of one I was determined never to see.”

“But

“ But now you have seen him (it was  
 “ all your sister required of you, you  
 “ know), will you be inexorable to his  
 “ vows?”

“ I am determined to be guided by my  
 “ Sylph,” cried I, “ in this momentous  
 “ instance. That was my resolution, and  
 “ still shall remain the same.”

“ Suppose thy Sylph had recommended  
 “ you to bestow your hand on Woodley?  
 “ What would have become of poor  
 “ *Ton-bausen?*”

“ My confidence in the Sylph was esta-  
 “ blished on the conviction of his being  
 “ my safest guide; as such, he would ne-  
 “ ver have urged me to bestow my hand  
 “ where my heart was refractory; but,  
 “ admitting the possibility of the Sylph’s  
 “ pursuing such a measure, a negative  
 “ voice would have been allowed me;  
 “ and no power, human or divine, should  
 “ have constrained that voice to breathe  
 “ out a vow of fidelity to any other than  
 “ him to whom the secrets of my heart  
 “ have been so long known.”

By



By this time we had nearly reached the house, from whence my father sprung with the utmost alacrity to meet me. As he pressed me to his venerable bosom, “Can my Julia refuse the request of her father, to receive, as the best pledge of his affection, this valuable present? And will she forgive the innocent trial we made of her fidelity to the most amiable of men?”

“Ah! I know not what to say,” cried I; “here has been sad management amongst you. But I shall soon forget the heart-achs I have experienced, if they have removed from this gentleman any suspicions that I did not regard him for himself alone. He has, I think, adopted the character of Prior’s Henry; and I hope he is convinced that the faithful Emma is not a fiction of the poet’s brain. I know not, I continued, by what name to call him.”

“Call me *your’s*,” cried he, “and that will be the highest title I shall ever aspire to. But you shall know all, as

“ indeed you have a right to do. *Your*  
 “ sister, and soon, I hope, *mine*, related  
 “ to you the attachment which I had  
 “ formed for you in my tenderest years,  
 “ which, like the incision on the infant  
 “ bark, *grew with my growth, and strength-*  
 “ *ened with my strength.* She likewise told  
 “ you (but oh! how faint, how inade-  
 “ quate to my feelings!) the extreme  
 “ anguish that seized me when I found  
 “ you was married. Distraction surround-  
 “ ed me; I cannot give words to my  
 “ grief and despair. I fled from a place  
 “ which had lost its only attractive power.  
 “ In the first paroxysm of affliction, I  
 “ knew not what resolutions I formed.  
 “ I wrote to Spencer—not to give rest or  
 “ ease to my over-burdened heart; for  
 “ that, alas! could receive no diminution  
 “—nor to complain; for surely I could  
 “ not complain of you; my form was not  
 “ imprinted on your mind, though your’s  
 “ had worn itself so deep a trace in mine.  
 “ Spencer opposed my resolution of re-  
 “ turning to Germany, where I had form-  
 “ ed

“ ed some connexions (only friendly ones,  
 “ my Julia, but, as such, infinitely ten-  
 “ der). He it was that urged me to take  
 “ the name of Ton-hausen, as that title  
 “ belonged to an estate which devolved  
 “ to me from the death of one of the  
 “ most valuable men in the world, who  
 “ had sunk into his grave, as the only  
 “ asylum from a combination of woes. As  
 “ some years had elapsed, in which I had  
 “ increased in bulk and stature, joined to  
 “ my having had the small-pox since I had  
 “ been seen by you, he thought it more  
 “ than probable you would not recollect  
 “ my person. I hardly know what I pro-  
 “ posed to myself, from closing with him  
 “ in this scheme, only that I take Heaven  
 “ to witness, I never meant to injure you ;  
 “ and I hope the whole tenor of my con-  
 “ duct has convinced you how sincere I  
 “ was in that profession. From the great  
 “ irregularity of your late husband’s life,  
 “ I had a *presentiment*, that you would at  
 “ one time or other be free from your  
 “ engagements. I revered you as one, to  
 “ whom

" whom I hoped to be united ; if not in  
 " this world, I might be a kindred-angel  
 " with you in the next. Your virtuous  
 " soul could not find its congenial friend  
 " in the riot and confusion in which you  
 " lived. I dared not trust myself to of-  
 " fer to become your guide. I knew the  
 " extreme hazard I should run ; and that,  
 " with all the innocent intentions in the  
 " world, we might both be undone by our  
 " *passions* before *reason* could come to our  
 " assistance. I soon saw I had the happi-  
 " ness to be distinguished by you ! and  
 " that distinction, while it raised my admi-  
 " ration of you, excited in me the desire  
 " of rendering myself still more worthy of  
 " your esteem ; but even that esteem I re-  
 " fused myself the dear privilege of soli-  
 " citing for. I acted with the utmost  
 " caution ; and if, under the character of  
 " the Sylph, I dived into the recesses of  
 " your soul, and drew from thence the se-  
 " cret attachment you professed for the  
 " happy Baron, it was not so much to grati-  
 " fy the vanity of my heart, as to put you  
 " on

“ on your guard, lest some of the invi-  
 “ dious wretches about you should  
 “ propagate any reports to your pre-  
 “ judice; and, dear as the sacrifice  
 “ cost me, I tore myself from your  
 “ loved presence on a sarcasm which  
 “ Lady Anne Parker threw out concern-  
 “ ing us. I withdrew some miles from  
 “ London, and left Spencer there to  
 “ apprise me of any change in your  
 “ circumstances. I gave you to under-  
 “ stand I had quitted the kingdom; but  
 “ that was a severity I could not impose  
 “ upon myself: however, I constrained  
 “ myself to take a resolution of never  
 “ again appearing in your presence till  
 “ I should have the liberty of indulging  
 “ my passion without restraint. Nine  
 “ parts of ten in the world may con-  
 “ demn my procedure as altogether  
 “ romantic. I believe few will find it  
 “ imitable; but I have nice feelings,  
 “ and I could act no other than I did.  
 “ I could not, you see, bear to be the  
 “ rival of myself. *That* I have proved  
 “ under both the characters I assumed;

“ and had I found you had forgotten  
 “ Ton-hausen, Woodley would have  
 “ been deprived of one of the most de-  
 “ licate pleasures a refined taste can ex-  
 “ perience. And now all that remains  
 “ is to intreat the forgiveness of my  
 “ amiable Julia, for these *pious frauds* ;  
 “ and to re-assure her she shall, if *the*  
 “ *heart of man is not deceitful above all*  
 “ *things*, never repent the confidence she  
 “ placed in her faithful Sylph, the affec-  
 “ tion she honoured the happy Ton-  
 “ hausen with, nor the esteem, not-  
 “ withstanding his obstinate perseverance,  
 “ which she charitably bestowed on that  
 “ unfortunate knight-errant, Harry Wood-  
 “ ley.”

“ Heaven send I never may !” said I.  
 But really I shall be half afraid to ven-  
 ture the remainder of my life with  
 such a variable being. However, my  
 father undertakes to answer for him in  
 future.

I assure you, my dear Maria, you are  
 much indebted to me for this recital, for  
 I have borrowed the time out of the  
 night,

night, as the whole day has been taken up in a manner you may more easily guess than I can describe.

Say every thing that is civil to Sir George on my part, as you are conscious I have no time to bestow on any other men than those by whom I am surrounded. I expect my sister and her swain tomorrow.

Adieu !

I am your's ever

JULIA STANLEY.

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LETTER LIX.

To Lady BRUDENEL.

**Y**OU would hardly know your old acquaintance again, he is so totally altered ; you remember his pensive air, and gentle unassuming manner, which

K 2                      seemed

seemed to bespeak the protection of every one. Instead of all this, he is so alert, so brisk, and has such a saucy assurance in his whole deportment, as really amazes; and, I freely own, delights me, as I am happily convinced, that it is owing to myself that he is thus different from what he was. Let him be what he will, he will ever be dear to me.

I wanted him to relate to me all the particulars of his friend Frederick, the late Baron's, misfortunes. He says, the recital would fill a volume, but that I shall peruse some papers on the subject some time or other, when we are tired of being chearful, but that now we have better employment; I therefore submit for the present.

I admire my sister's choice very much; he is an agreeable man, and extremely lively: much more so naturally, notwithstanding the airs some folks give themselves, than my Proteus. Louisa too is quite alive; Mr. Stanley has forgot the gout; and my father is ready to



dance at the wedding of his eldest daughter, which, I suppose, will take place soon.

Pray how do you go on? Are you near your *accouchement*? or dare you venture to travel as far as Stanley-park? for my uncle will not part with any of us yet.

Ah! I can write no longer; they threaten to snatch the pen from my hand; that I may prevent such a solecism in politeness, I will conclude, by assuring you of my tenderest wishes.

Adieu!

JULIA STANLEY.

## LETTER LX.

To Lady STANLEY.

UPON my word, a pretty kind of a romantic adventure you have made of it, and the conclusion of the business just as it should be, and quite in the line of *poetical justice*. Virtue triumphant, and Vice dragged at her chariot-wheels, — for I heard yesterday, that Lord Biddulph was selling off all his moveables, and had moved himself out of the kingdom. Now my old friend Montague should be sent on board the *Justitia*, and *all's well that ends well*. As to your Proteus, with all his *aliases*, I think he must be quite a Machiavel in artifice. Heaven send he may never change again! I should be half afraid of such a Will-of-the-wisp lover. First this, then that, now the other, and always

ways the same. But bind him, bind him, Julia, in adamantine chains; make sure of him, while he is yet in your power; and follow, with all convenient speed, the dance your sister is going to lead off. Oh! she is in a mighty hurry! Let me hear what she will say when she has been married ten months, as poor I have been! and here must be kept prisoner with all the dispositions in the world for freedom!

What an acquisition your two husbands will be! I bespeak them both for god-fathers; pray tell them so. Do you know, I wanted to persuade Sir George to take a trip, just to see how you proceed in this affair; but, I blush to tell you, he would not hear of any such thing, because he is in expectation of a little impertinent visitor, and would not be from home for the world. *Tell it not in Gath.* Thank heaven, the dissolute tribe in London know nothing of it. But, I believe, none of our set will be anxious about their sentiments. While

we feel ourselves happy, we shall think it no sacrifice to give up all the nonsense and hurry of the *beau monde*.

Adieu!

MARIA BRUDENEL.

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